One Shilling and Three Pence

Britannia and Eve

CHRISTMAS · 1942

1/3

Streamlined Pleated Skirt

WITH THE FAMOUS 'KONERAY' HIP-SLIMMING PLEATS

Fine quality material cleverly cut to fit closely over the hips and open out to give a delightfully full skirt, having three "permanised" pleats front and one back. Supplied READY FOR SERVICE *in various attractive materials, or* MADE TO MEASURE *for 15/6 in your own material, by good fashion houses everywhere.*

GOR-RAY

EVERY GENUINE GOR-RAY SKIRT HAS A GOR-RAY LABEL ON THE WAISTBAND

Issued by C. STILLITZ, ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA, WARWICKSHIRE

Scientific

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 25, No. 6 DECEMBER, 1942

Cover Design
by *Heade*

Articles

Yuletides of the Allies :
by *C. Patrick Thompson*
Illustrated by *Edgar Spenceley* 13 and 68

An Undiscovered Christmas :
by *Negley Farson*
Decoration by *J. Nicolson* 14-15 and 56

What Kings To-morrow?
by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 16 and 63

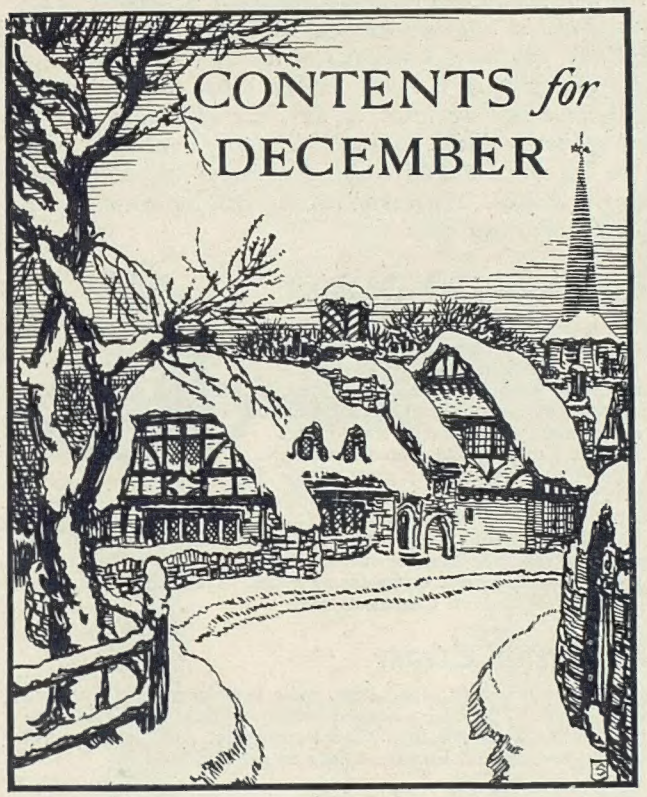
Gandhi—and Dictatorship :
by *Sir William Barton, K.C.I.E.* 25 and 58

. . . So To Bed :
by *Gwyneth Pennethorne* 29 and 65

Trademarking the Stars :
by *Margaret Chute* 42 and 66

Home Section

On Duty—and Off :
by *Jane Gordon* 33 and 63



As You Were :
by *Winifred Lewis* 34–35

Home-made Toys for Christmas : 36–37

Cook's Xmas Tour of Allied Kitchens :
by *Harriet Muir* 38–39

Decor for this Christmas : 40

Don't Forget Your Friends : 43

Health and Beauty :
by *Chrysis*
Health From the Neck Up : 44
It's Fatal to be Fat : 45

For Their Entertainment : 46

Knitting :
Jacket with Sequins 47 and 62
Two-Toned Jersey 47 and 63

Adrift in the Mediterranean :
by *Allan A. Michie*
Illustrated by *S. Tresilian* 20 and 66

Old Tales Re-told :
Stories from the Life of the Famous Painter, Hans Holbein
Written and Illustrated by *F. Matania, R.I.* 21-24 and 60

I'll Fix It Myself : 48

Deal With Damp : 50

General

Books :
Reviewed by *Noel Thompson* 41 and 56

Stories

Upon the Midnight Clear :
by *Louis Arthur Cunningham*
Illustrated by *Edward Osmond* 9–12

My Friend Lavinia :
by *K. M. A. Merson*
Illustrated by *W. Smithson-Broadhead* 17–19 and 53

Vale . . .
by *Edward Cranston*
Illustrated by *Jack Matthew* 26–28

Little Robert :
by *Stanley Jackson*
Illustrated by *Steven Spurrier* 30–32 and 60

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

'SANATOGEN' REGD. TRADE MARK NERVE-TONIC FOOD

DIVERSION

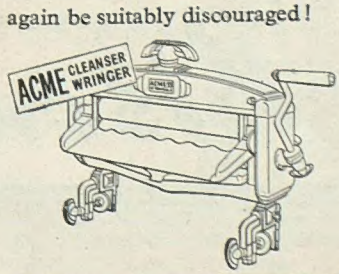
We are sorry to disappoint you, but the vital needs of the country *must* come first, and the materials which go to the making of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food and 'Genasprin' are now needed for other and more urgent purposes. Please remember this when you have difficulty in obtaining 'Sanatogen' and 'Genasprin'.

'Genasprin' REGD. TRADE MARK
KILLS PAIN QUICKLY—TIME IT!

No one likes borrowing..

but in Acacia Crescent they're getting quite good at it. For example, they're mostly young newly-weds and there are only two

Acmes between them—and don't those Acmes get around! The makers are sorry they can't make any more while the war's on: but one day Acacia Crescent will be supplied as it deserves and borrowing (and lending) can once again be suitably discouraged!



George says that 'fungus on a Sub'
Tickles the girls but slows the 'tub'

He fairly takes the biscuit!

—and Weston MAKES *the biscuit*

When you comfortably eat your biscuits with a cup of tea, just think of those boys doing the same—but *un*comfortably—fathoms deep.

Under difficult conditions of time and place, biscuits are always ready to give quick and easily digested nourishment—for anyone, anywhere.

Biscuits offer you the energy value of pure wheat in highly compact form. They take only minutes to eat, but are good for hours of sustenance, they keep you going—and going on going.

With biscuits handy you have a meal needing no getting ready, no clearing away, no additions.

WESTON Biscuits

MADE BY THE LARGEST BISCUIT MAKERS IN THE EMPIRE

Our compliments and thanks to you all. For it is thanks very largely to you for so loyally and so helpfully working with us that at this, the fourth Christmas at war, the nation's health is on a sound footing. But though "good living" must now be taken in the sense of healthy living, instead of luxury living, and we all must go carefully with fuel, we can still make Christmas fare hearty, appetising and tempting to look at. Here, with our very best wishes, are some ideas which may help you:

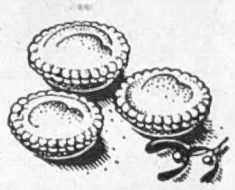
Christmas Day Pudding

Rub 3 oz. cooking fat into 3 tablespoonfuls self-raising flour until like fine crumbs. Mix in 1½ breakfastcupfuls stale breadcrumbs, ½ lb. prunes (soaked 24 hours, stoned, chopped) or any other dried fruit such as sultanas, 3 oz. sugar, 1 teaspoonful mixed spice, ½ teaspoonful grated nutmeg. Then chop 1 large apple finely, grate 1 large raw carrot and 1 large raw potato; add to dry ingredients. Stir in a tablespoonful lemon substitute. Mix 1 teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda in 3 tablespoonfuls warm milk and stir thoroughly into pudding mixture. Put into one large or two small well-greased basins, cover with margarine papers and steam for 2½ hours. This can be prepared overnight and cooked on Christmas Day.

Emergency Cream

Bring ½ pint water to blood heat, melt 1 tablespoonful unsalted margarine in it. Sprinkle 3 heaped tablespoonfuls household milk powder into this, beat well, then whisk thoroughly. Add 1 teaspoonful sugar and ¼ teaspoonful vanilla. Leave to get very cold.

Christmas Fruit Pies



This mixture is a good alternative to Mincemeat.

Warm 1 tablespoonful marmalade (or jam, but this is not so spicy) in small saucepan over tiny heat. Add ¼ lb. prunes (soaked 24 hours, stoned, chopped) or other dried fruit, 1 tablespoonful sugar, 1 teacupful stale cake crumbs, or half cake, half breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoonful mixed spice. Stir together until crumbs are quite moist. Remove from heat, add 1 large chopped apple; also some chopped nuts if you have any. Make up into small pies, or large open flans. The mixture keeps several days in a cool place.

Stuffed Mutton

With apple or bread sauce, this is as delicious as any turkey!

1 leg of mutton, or loin of mutton (half a leg does, but is more difficult to stuff). Bone with a sharp carving knife and small kitchen knife, or get your butcher to do it. Spread the meat flat, stuff one end with your favourite savoury stuffing, one end with sausage meat, the two meeting in the centre. Fold meat over, re-forming into shape, sew with sacking-needle and stout thread, place sewn side down in baking dish, spread liberally with dripping. Surround meat with halved potatoes, peeled or in jackets. Put them in the baking dish after the meat is partly cooked as they take less time than your joint. Allow about 40-50 minutes.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD
(S50)

What's next?

Yesterday the besom . . . the dustpan and brush, today the electric cleaner . . . *and tomorrow?* Science progresses and with peace will come a range of G.E.C. quality products incorporating the results of never-ending G.E.C. research.

G.E.C.

HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

Worth looking forward to

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, W.C.2

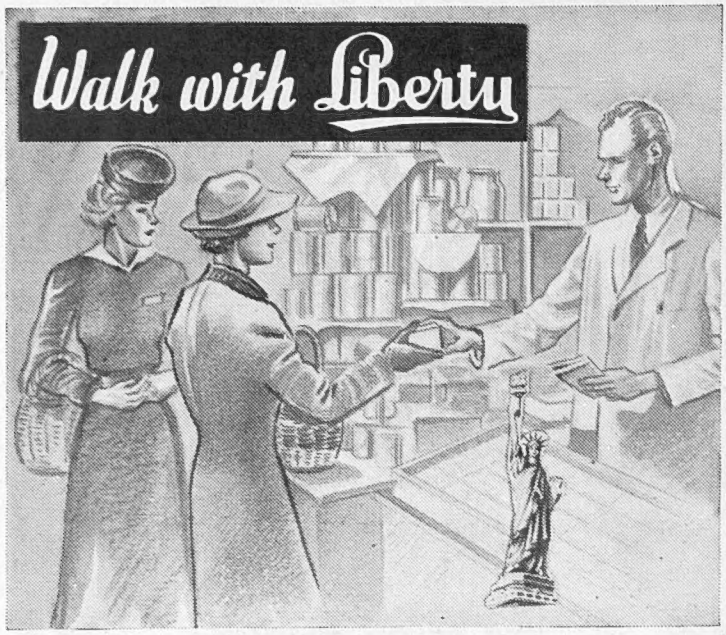
THE GIFT THAT GROWS

Here's the simple answer to all your gift problems this Christmas—Gift Tokens. They're equally welcome whatever the ages, whatever the tastes of your family, friends and staff. And they're not only patriotic—they're practical too. From the day the Tokens are exchanged for Savings Certificates or used to make deposits in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks your gifts start to grow in value. Another good point—Tokens are so easy to buy. You can get them from any Post Office, Trustee Savings Bank or through your Savings Group in units of 15/- up to any amount.

NATIONAL SAVINGS GIFT

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

Walk with Liberty



Shop more easily. You wait at the butcher's, stand at the grocer's, there are people in front at the Post Office. In Liberty Shoes you can stand it without fatigue. Complete comfort and full support are designed into the graceful shapeliness of your Liberty Shoes. The much increased demand for Liberty Shoes means waiting a bit, but not so long.

Certain Liberty models have been specially made to sell at Utility tax-free prices.

LIBERTY SHOES LTD · LEICESTER

B.E.1.

Sew "Rufflette" Tape, at top and bottom, over hem.

With curtain lying flat, knot cords at one end and pleat by pulling from other end. Do not cut loose ends, tuck into heading.

Slip hooks (or rings) into pockets, turnover fashion. No stitching necessary. Use rings for rod, hooks for runner rail.

THOMAS FRENCH & SONS LTD

Makers of 'RUFFLETTE' BRAND

When the lights go up again

We shall revel in abundant supplies of all good things when the lights go up again. The stores will once more have ample stocks of "Rufflette" curtain accessories to tempt the discriminating shopper. Today with the output of the factories rigidly restricted it is impossible to cope with the demand. Nevertheless our stockists are each receiving a fair share of the limited supplies and you can have your curtains made by their workroom experts.

'Rufflette' BRAND

CURTAIN TAPE (with woven pockets) also HOOKS, RINGS and RAILS

Factories: MANCHESTER AND WYTHENSHAWE : FALL RIVER, MASS., U.S.A.
London Offices: 156 Oxford St., W.1. Also British Empire Bldgs., N.Y.C.

P&N

THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY

The soups that go twice as far

POULTON & NOEL

PNO 87-846 POULTON & NOEL LTD., SOUTHALL, MIDDLESEX

KERFOOT

KERFOOTS
MEDICATED
PASTILLES

embodying the manufacturing experience of eighty years

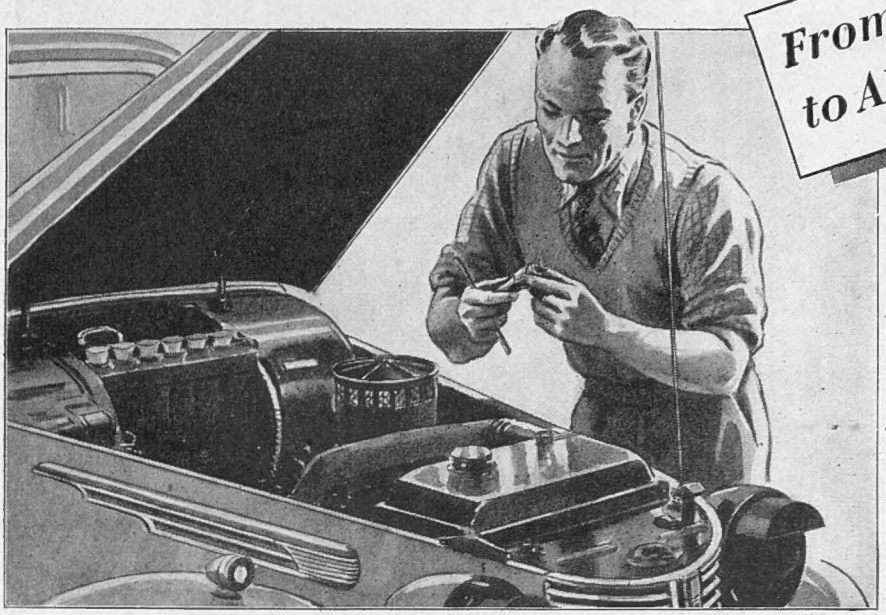
•

MENTHOL & EUCALYPTUS
CATARRH·ANTISEPTIC THROAT
GLYCERINE OF THYMOL

•

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley
Lancashire

P1.



From AUSTINS to AUSTIN owners

GIVE YOUR CAR A SQUARE DEAL

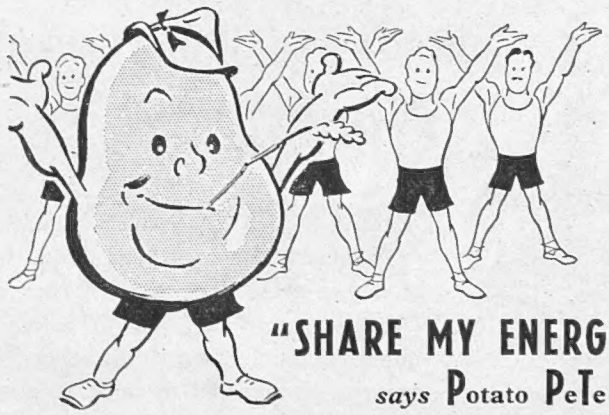
Sometimes the very dependability of an Austin leads its owner to treat it thoughtlessly. The Austin runs well, seems to call for no attention — and consequently gets none. Probably it will keep going good-naturedly, taking you about your war work without so much as a squeak or grumble — for Austins are made that way. But how much better for your car, for your pocket — and for the war effort — to make certain.

Keep your AUSTIN fighting fit

● **DON'T IGNORE IGNITION.** *Periodically clean sparking plugs, distributor electrodes, contact breaker points, dynamo and starting motor commutators and carbon brushes. Adjust plug and contact breaker gaps. Your handbook tells you how. Keep battery topped up and terminals clean. Now and then have specific gravity of acid tested. If your ignition needs further attention, see your Austin dealer early — and avoid unnecessary trouble.*

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE — *it contains useful tips* — 4d. *monthly.*

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM 8.G.175



"SHARE MY ENERGY" says Potato Pete

In your home do potatoes mean only *boiled* potatoes? There are so many easy ways to make them into a delicious main meal. You can fry them for breakfast as is done in Devonshire; you can make them into scones for tea, or into pies for supper. More potatoes and less bread are good for you and the Nation too!

POTATO PIE

Cooking time: 20 minutes. *Ingredients:* 2 lb. potatoes, 1 onion or shallot, ¾ pint of milk or household milk, 1 dessertspoonful flour, 1 teaspoonful fat, salt and pepper. *Method:* Grease a piedish with fat. Scrub potatoes and slice. Chop onion or shallot. Arrange potatoes in alternate layers in dish with the onion, flour and seasoning, finishing with a layer of potatoes. Place the remainder of the fat on top in small pieces, pour milk into the dish. Cook in moderate oven for 20 minutes.

FREE—ask at any of the Food Advice Centres or Bureaux for a free copy of the Potato Pete Recipe Booklet, or write direct to the Ministry of Food, London, W.1

POTATOES KEEP YOU *FIGHTING* FIT

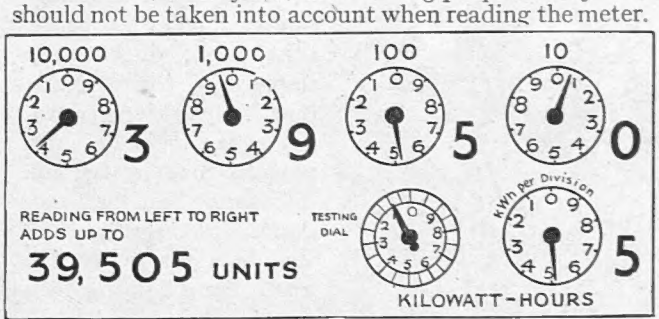
P.2

Your fuel target

This is how to read your electricity meter :—

Note :—Always read the SMALLER of two figures between which the pointer stands.

The test dial, usually red, is for testing purposes only, and should not be taken into account when reading the meter.



How to check your electricity consumption each week—Read your meter. Make a note of total. One week later, read it again and subtract the earlier reading. By doing this you are able to see exactly the amount of electricity you are consuming.

MAKE THE MOST OF ESSENTIAL LIGHTING BY USING . . .

Osram

A G.E.C. PRODUCT

THE WONDERFUL LAMP

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

BY APPOINTMENT

ATKINSONS

Eau de Cologne

In those distant, rose-coloured days when life was leisurely and no well-bred girl did anything but fritter, Atkinsons was already the favourite Eau de Cologne for soothing vapours, relieving headaches and, of course, emphasizing charm. Now that little watering-can has given place to the plough, for farmers are discovering that the Land Army Girl can plough as straight a furrow as any man. But still the panacea for a pretty lady's physical and spiritual discomfort is the same lovely Atkinsons Eau de Cologne. But materials for making it are scarce in wartime, so she's careful with Atkinsons when she can get it; she's patient when she can't.

ATKINSONS OF OLD BOND STREET

AEC 135A-469 J. & E. ATKINSON LTD.

Templeton's

"AYR" WOOLS

There's a yard of wear in an inch of "Ayr" Wool. Supplies are limited but we are doing our best to serve everyone.

JAMES TEMPLETON & SON, LTD.

Worsted Spinners · AYR · SCOTLAND

Wisdom for War Time

THE saying "*What can't be cured must be endured*" comes home to us very forcibly in these days of restrictions and shortages, and we do well to accept its simple philosophy. So if and when your favourite biscuits fail to come your way, give quiet thought to what may be the reasons. Saving of shipping space, saving of fuel, saving of man-power, saving of transport, all play a part in restricting the output and distribution of biscuits, but they are factors which we feel sure all will readily appreciate.

Remember

McVITIE & PRICE BISCUITS

McVITIE & PRICE LTD · EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

When the time comes to relax . . .

When we go back to gracious living, the TERRY ANGLEPOISE will resume its proper place in our homes . . . by cosy fire and bedside, in library corner, on bureau, desk and studio board . . . taking up any one of the 1001 angles at a finger-touch, 'staying put,' casting its gently diffused beam on the object, *not in the user's eyes.*

But for the present the general public can only look forward to this comfort, for the ANGLEPOISE is almost unobtainable nowadays. If you have one, treasure it . . . treat it well and it will serve you well.

Pat. all countries.

The **TERRY**

ANGLEPOISE LAMP

Sole Makers.

HERBERT TERRY & SONS, LTD., REDDITCH

On every polished floor

100% NON-SLIP GUARANTEED

Furmoto shines floors like glass—produces a hard, tread-proof and waterproof surface on any kind of flooring and linoleum yet on it you can't slip an inch. Because of this it is the only polish you should use. Avoid accident claims as a result of anyone falling on slippery floors. You are absolutely safe with Furmoto, for with every tin is given.

£100 FREE INSURANCE AGAINST SLIPPING

Sold in 2/- tins and larger sizes at Oilshops, Grocers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

(Enquiries for bulk supplies should be sent to address below)

Furmoto non-slip FLOOR CREAM

In case of difficulty write for name and address of nearest stockist to:

FURMOTO CHEMICAL CO., 1-3 Brixton Road, S.W.9

Diana Green

The gravies of Diana Green
Were quite the best you've ever seen;
So thick, so rich, that their aroma
Would surely win them a diploma
At any school where folks are taught
To make their gravies as they ought.
In case you don't know what to do

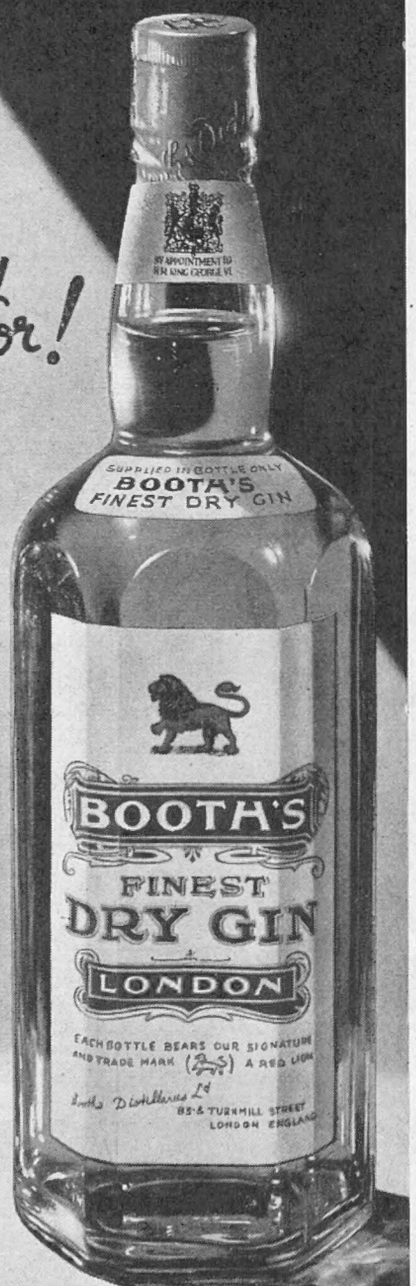
BISTO

will always see you through

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI.

BOOTH'S
DRY GIN

Definitely Superior!



MAXIMUM PRICES: 22/6 PER BOTTLE; HALF BOTTLE 11/9. (U.K. ONLY)

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

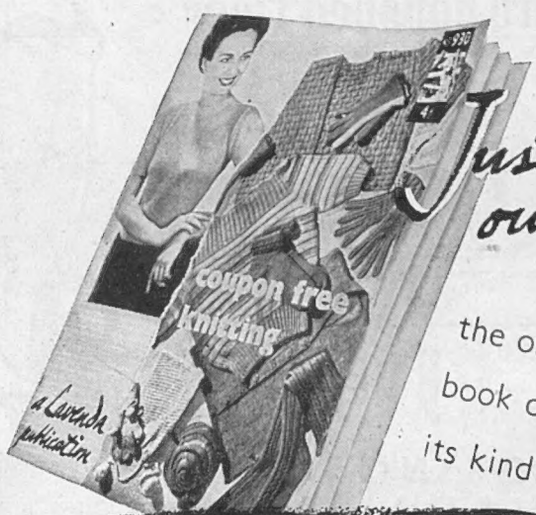
MORE than a Breakfast Food—

Weetabix

SMALL SIZE 2 POINTS 7½D
LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 1/1D

WEETABIX LTD., BURTON LATIMER, NORTHANTS

WX 16



Just out!

the only book of its kind:

coupon free knitting

CONTENTS

5 knitting patterns (with full instructions).

How to adapt 15 garments (using old or new wool).

How to treat discoloured white wool.

Turn your old wool into new . . . professionally.

From all good wool counters, 4d.

issued by the makers of

LAVENDA
KNITTING WOOL

In case of difficulty write to Lister & Co. Ltd., Dept. 'A,' Manningham Mills, Bradford

Upon the Midnight Clear

A Christmas Drama of the Sea

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

LIEUTENANT ROB CLAUSEN, second in command of the Canadian corvette *Jaguar*, ducked down behind the canvas dodger as part of the Bay of Fundy came thundering down on him, interrupting his whistled rendition of "The First Nowell," but not for a moment driving away the thought of Christmas, now just two days off. For him, and for a good many more of the *Jaguar's* complement of seventy, it would be the first Christmas ashore in more than three weary years.

"'The First Nowell, the angel did say, was to certain poor sailors in port as they lay.' . . . Man, oh, man!" he muttered. "Christmas on something that doesn't rock! Christmas with a real tree and real turkey and . . ." He ducked again as another sea, frosty-foamed, showered down on bridge and smoke-stack. The ice-coated corvette shrugged it off and danced wildly on her way. "Seagoing sardine-can," grunted Jimmy the One. The first mate is always Jimmy the One.

He rubbed the frost and brine from his fortnight's stubble and cocked an eye at Captain Peter Malloch, the corvette's commander—in sailor's parlance, "the owner." He wondered what Christmas meant to Peter the Flint. Like the rest of the *Jaguar's* men, he doubted that Peter the Flint believed in Christmas or Santa Claus or anything so warm and human. He knew, though, that Captain Malloch's only son, Paul, had died at Dunkirk, and he had seen a little leather case in which, along with Paul's picture, was another of a sweet-faced woman and two little girls with long, flaxen braids—the rest of the Mallochs, Alison, Pamela and Eileen.

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

Queer duck, the Old Man. Not more than forty-two, but his hair was almost white, his eyes as blue as these wintry waters, and, they said, a lump of flint reposed where his heart should be. He ruled his ship with an iron hand, and no man ever came close to him. Above his head now was a bake-pan he had borrowed from the cook. He had fitted a piece of bent pipe to it to carry off the water from the wheel-house roof. He hadn't even smiled when he fitted it there. "Tired of having ice water run down my neck," he grunted.

Jimmy the One moved a few paces nearer the captain, fearful of freezing to the rail if he stayed put much longer. "We should make port in less than two hours, Sir." He wanted to make talk. He felt good. Inside him, he was still hearing the strains of "The First Nowell" and the snap of Christmas crackers, and he could smell, more pungent than the Fundy brine, the richness of spice and brandy-sauce and plump birds a-roasting. "Nice to be ashore for Christmas."

Ice-blue eyes under frosted, bushy brows surveyed him for a moment. "You never know, Mister—in this business, you never know."

Jimmy the One felt a little bit dampened, but not much. This, he felt sure, was going to be a good Christmas, a swell Christmas. The Old Man was just a sourpuss. Hadn't they been on patrol for almost two months? Hadn't they been drenched to the skin countless times and kicked about by the seas and fed on sardines for days on end, and gone without a change of clothes for a fortnight or longer? Hadn't they earned one Christmas ashore? Sure they had.

He whistled "Good King Wenceslaus."

He felt the chill blue eyes turn to him again, and out of the corner of his own merry brown ones he thought he saw—ah, maybe it was illusion—a glint of warmth in them, as when the sunlight glances on an iceberg.

Presently, out of the white mists that shrouded the lee shore of the Bay of Fundy, rose the rocky hump of Partridge Island; beyond it, gilded by the morning sunlight, the spires and rooftops of the old seaport of Saint John. The *Jaguar* pranced through the west channel and up the harbour, threading her way among the drab grey hulls of the ships swaying at anchor in the stream. The high hills beyond the city were white with snow, the wind, sharp and icy, played its wild harp, the sky looked as if it had been scraped down to its clearest, deepest blue.

"'Through the rude wind's wild lament,'" hummed Jimmy the One, "'And the bitter weather.'"

He greeted the second, Sub-Lieutenant John Douglas, with a frosted grin as Douglas came up the ladder. "Soon, Douglas, m'lad—oh, soon, we 'll go a-wassailing and decking the hall with boughs of holly. Wake the gladsome carol, old son. Our little ship comes sailing in for Christmas Day in the morning."

Alas! On Christmas Eve, in the grey of the dawn, the *Jaguar*, refuelled and with the ice-coating chopped from her, was nosing into the Fundy surges, bound for the open sea. Lieutenant Clausen shared the bridge with Captain Malloch—Peter the Flint—but Jimmy the One whistled no carols now, and there was a look of boyish hurt in his bright brown eyes.

Christmas Eve; and they were headed for the Atlantic and whatever grim sport it might provide. He could still hear the mutterings and moanings of the crew. He sympathised with everything they said and thought.

"Damn—oh, damn!" He could still hear the wireless operator, Davie Clowes. Davie was almost crying with rage and frustration. "Here I was all set to meet my girl in Saint John. She's the lady-sparks on the *Llandarf Castle*. We planned to be married in Saint John. They were due in port at Christmas. And now look at me—chucked right back again into the drink! Hell, I calls it. And old Peter the Flint there never bats an eye, never says he feels bad about it or tries to cheer us up. And he knows about my girl coming over. I met a ferry pilot in town in the few hours I had ashore. He knows Nora and he told me he'd seen her in London and that she was sailing on the *Llandarf Castle*. Old Peter was standing by, and he asked this chap, Gordon Ames, if he was sure the *Llandarf* had sailed, and Ames said yes, she'd sailed a week or more before he flew back from England. Christmas—oh, my, yes—beans and red lead and hard tack!"

Jimmy the One started to whistle "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen," stopped when he saw Captain Malloch jerk his head around and changed it to "Over the Bounding Main."

"D'you really feel like whistling this morning, Mr. Clausen?" Peter the Flint seldom raised his voice, but you could always hear him.

"Sorry, Sir. I guess I was just trying to keep my spirits up."

"It's a dog's life, Mister." Captain Malloch squinted through the white mist the sailors call "Barber-on-the-water." He shook his head. "A cruel life."

Maybe, thought Jimmy the One, but you seem to thrive on it. I *don't* think you minded it at all when you got your orders to put out to sea again. Guess you don't care for Christmas; guess Santa Claus is just a funny old guy with a white beard to you, Peter the Flint.

Sullen, grey and lowering was the sky all that dreary day as the *Jaguar* ploughed down the Bay of Fundy, past the Wolves, past Briar Island, past the Lurcher Lightship. Only the drab monotony of icy water, of the dark, rock-ribbed shore of Nova Scotia. And the dreary day darkened swiftly into blackest night.

Christmas Eve.

In the ward-room, tall Douglas tinkered with the gramophone, and the disc whirred, the needle scratched and the strains of "O Little Town of Bethlehem" tinkled into the smoky air . . .

O little town of Bethlehem! How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep, the silent stars go by . . .

"Stop it, Douglas! Stop that cursed thing, won't you?" It was Davie Clowes—Davie, whose fiancée, Nora Harris, would be waiting in vain for him in Saint John to-night. Nerves—not only Davie's, but everyone else's—were at the breaking-point. There had been three fights in the fo'c'sle, and Jimmy the One, whose job it was to be philosopher, guide and friend, as well as chief bouncer and peacemaker *de luxe*, had had his work cut out for him.

"Steady on, Sparks! You're developing a bad case of Corvettitis." Douglas was a slow, easy-going man. "Don't get the wind up." He turned off the gramophone, and there was only the rush of the sea along the thin steel plates of the hull, only the creak and strain of the tiny vessel with her quota of seventy souls, her little gun, her depth-charges. She pitched and tossed and left them always guessing what she'd do next.

Davie Clowes raked curly blond hair with nervous fingers. He was just a young lad, twenty or so. He was wildly in love with his Nora. Everyone on the *Jaguar*—everyone, that is, who would listen—knew about the little cottage, the farm, to which he planned to take her after the war, a dream place, such as all sailors dream of, where they would raise—this was Jimmy the One's pun—"little Clowes and chickens."

"I'm sorry, Douglas." Davie turned wan blue eyes on the tall, gaunt man. "I tried not to let it get me down, but I—we'd looked forward so much to our meeting. It's been nearly two years since I saw Nora. It's just plain hell—for the both of us."

Captain Malloch came along the companion-way from his cabin. The lights in the ward-room went off as he opened the door, flashed on as he closed it. He looked at them all, unsmiling. He said, "Good evening, Gentlemen." Besides Douglas and Davie Clowes, there were Angus Ross, the chief engineer, and Slade, the gunnery officer. "A nasty night, and cold as I ever felt it."

"A bitter night for work of rescue, Sir," said Angus. "Let's hope that on this night at least—on Christmas Eve—Jerry will gi' us a bit of respite."

Peter the Flint smiled with his lips, and they knew he was thinking of last Christmas Eve, of the *Jaguar's* weary vigil off the Grand Banks, of the lifeboat they had picked up in the frozen, flaming dawn. Davie Clowes covered his eyes with his hand. The steward brought their supper: corned pork, potatoes and cabbage, mince-pie and tea. The mince-pie made them think of Christmas. Davie Clowes took one mouthful of his and pushed the plate aside. Douglas and Angus Ross and Mike Slade looked at him anxiously, afraid that he was going to explode once more. Peter the Flint went on eating, calmly, contentedly. He did not seem to notice young Clowes's wild eyes and haggard face.

Suddenly the alarm system went, filling the *Jaguar's* steel hull with buzzing, insistent sound.

Action stations!

They jumped to their feet, rushed out and up the ladder, feeling the *Jaguar* swing sharply about, then dart forward. As they reached the deck, she almost leaped from the water as the depth-charge she had dropped exploded far below and behind her. But in the darkness there was nothing, and from the Asdic, the submarine-detector, came word that there was no sign or sound of the enemy.

"They should be hereabouts," said Peter the Flint to Rob Clausen in the wheel-house. "There's a pack of them. That's why we're here. There are ships coming this way, and not in convoy, and quite unescorted. And we're here to fight the subs. if we can find them, to pick up the survivors of any vessels they may sink."

"And this is Christmas Eve," said Jimmy the One glumly.

"Yes," said Captain Malloch. "Christmas Eve it is, Mister. This makes the third, hand-running, that I've spent this way."

"The third for me too, Sir. I've almost forgotten what a Christmas-tree looks like. In Saint John they used to have a huge one in King Square, all beautifully lighted, and the carol singers would stand around and—well, it was pretty swell. I used to like that; used to sing there myself when I was a kid."

"Yes," said Peter the Flint. "Yes, it's too bad one ever has to grow up, Mister." His voice was brittle.

Davie Clowes was almost screaming. "We've got to find them! We've got to! D'you know who sent that S O S? Do you?" "I take it, Mr. Clowes," said Peter the Flint, "that it was the girl you are engaged to"

I wonder, mused Jimmy the One—I wonder if you were ever young, ever in love, ever given to tears or laughter. Then he recalled the pictures in the leather case he had once found open on the captain's locker—the sweet-faced woman and the little girls who looked like Pope Gregory's angels, so blonde, so blue-eyed and bright.

And still they drove through the pitchy, Stygian night in the welter of wind and water, Captain Malloch and young Rob Clausen clinging to the iced-up bridge railings, to whatever support they could find, their faces stung raw with the spume, with the icy lashes of the wind. And Rob thought of cheery firesides, of holly wreaths and mistletoe, of the time, not so long removed, when he had hung his stockings from the mantel and after being put to bed, had tiptoed downstairs again to gaze upon the wonders of the glittering tree, to touch incredulously the skates, the sled, the magic things that had been given him.

"And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas Day in the morning?"

He sang defiantly into the harsh, mocking blast of the wind. Was it only fancy, an illusion born of this ugly, hideous night that should have been so lovely—only fancy, or did he hear a deep voice, Peter the Flint's voice, answering—

"The Virgin Mary and Christ were there,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day.
The Virgin Mary and Christ were there,
On Christmas Day in the morning"?

Before he could learn the truth, learn that Peter the Flint actually had a heart and could really sing a song, Davie Clowes fought his way up the ladder, his voice a broken sound in the wild keening of the wind.

"An S O S, Sir. She's been torpedoed—she's going down by the head—fast! It's—it's the *Llandarf Castle*—the *Llandarf*——"

"Her position, Mr. Clowes." They went into the wheel-house. Rob Clausen took one look at Captain Malloch's face and knew he had been mistaken, that it had been only fancy. That man had never sung. His face was like grey granite, his mouth hard, hard and pitiless. The cold eyes that studied young Davie Clowes were impersonal, unsympathetic.

"Only a half-hour's sail from here, Sir," said Jimmy the One, "only a few miles off. We should be able to pick them up."

"We'll do our best," said Peter the Flint. "They'll doubtless——"

"Our best!" Davie Clowes was almost screaming. "Our best! My God! We've got to find them! We've got to! D'you know who sent that S O S? Do you?"

"I take it, Mr. Clowes," said Peter the Flint, "that it was the girl you are engaged to."

"Right!" said Davie. "Right you are, Captain! My girl! My Nora! We—we've been planning to meet for years. We were to be married to-morrow—to-morrow, Christmas Day."

"Steady, Mister." Peter the Flint spoke sharply to the quartermaster, beckoned to the mate and went out on to the bridge.

"Lights!" Davie Clowes was yelling. "We've got to show them a light! We'll never find them in this black hell! Never!"

Peter the Flint swung back into the wheel-house. "Back where you belong, Clowes!" he said. "And get a grip on yourself! Be a man, can't you?"

"I am a man, Sir. I have a heart—not a piece of flint where my heart should be! She's out there—out in that! But you don't care! It's just a job of work to you! You

It was something never of earth to hear that glorious, heavenly music coming out of the night, out of the blackness, out of death and destruction

don't know what it means to me—you don't care! If we don't find 'em you 'll say, 'Well, we did our best'! Our best! We 've got to find 'em! We 've got to show a light!"

"I 'm in command here," said Peter the Flint, his voice hard. "I 'll do what I see fit."

"Aye, you 'll let them drown—let them drown on Christmas Eve, because you 're afraid to show a glim—afraid the Jerries will sink this dinky little can!"

"Back where you belong, Clowes! I 've had enough from you."

He walked out on the bridge again. In the darkness now, Rob Clausen could hear his quick, loud breathing.

"There 's a moon somewhere to-night," said Rob. "If it would only clear! They won't show any lights from those boats. Not if they 're smart they won't. They 'd be machine-gunned probably. And if we stand by until daylight they 'll most likely be frozen to death."

"What would you do, Mr. Clausen?"

"I think I 'd pray, Sir."

"It sometimes helps. And sometimes it 's the only thing that will help."

Now in the well-deck forward, the sailors were gathered, their voices coming up in snatches of windswept sound to the listeners on the bridge.

"Clowes's girl . . . Sparks's bride-to-be . . . miss 'em altogether or run 'em down in the dark, suppose they did get their boats off. . . . Old Flintheart 'd let 'em drown before he 'd light a match. . . ."

From the gloom beside him Jimmy the One heard a sound half-way between a curse and a groan.

"Hadn't we better chance it, Sir? Some Very lights—something—anything. . . . It 's so dark, so hellish dark. . . ."

"Chance it—and be blown to bits?"

Jimmy the One felt sick. Afraid—was Peter Malloch afraid? No—no, that wasn't in the book. One pinpoint of light could betray them to a lurking sub., and gone then would be any hope of rescuing the unfortunate ones adrift in the lifeboats from the *Llandarf Castle*.

"Yellow!" shouted someone down in the well. "He 's yellow—he 'd let 'em drown like rats! Show a light, damn you! Let Jerry see it! T' hell with it! We can't do this!"

The captain's body stiffened. Rob Clausen could almost see, as well as feel, the movement. The sky was lightening. He could see a far-off rift. If only God, on this sacred night, would give them light to see. If only——

"Quiet!" The voice was like a tocsin. None of them on the *Jaguar* had ever before heard Captain Peter Malloch's voice so loud. "Quiet, all!"

A silence fell on the ship—a great silence that seemed to roll in from sea, and the wind that moaned through the stays was muted, only a whisper, eerie, rustling, like the sound of distant wings. And once again that night Clausen doubted his ears, fancied that the sea had got him at last, that he was hearing things. For he heard singing now — sweet, afar-off, as of children or angels—

"Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world."

It was as if God came down upon the sea; it was something never of earth to hear that glorious, heavenly music coming out of the night, out of the blackness, out of death and destruction. Forgetful of everything but the wonder that welled up in him, he grasped Captain Malloch's arm.

"Is it real?" he asked. "Is it?"

"Aye, Mister. It 's real. God is real. I 've heard you sing before—sing now!"

And from the *Jaguar's* bridge, and from her decks presently, as the men heard, and joined in the singing, rolled out to the drifting boats on that icy, turbulent sea, the echo of their song—

"Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hov'ring wing
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing."

Soon, guided by the carol, the lifeboats bumped alongside the corvette, and the survivors of the *Llandarf Castle* were drawn up to safety and warmth, and the rift in the sky grew wider and a star shone out—surely the same star that shone o'er Bethlehem on that night long ago.

In the bright warmth below decks, the officers and the wondering seamen of the *Jaguar* saw a strange sight. Davie Clowes, his arm hard about a slender, dark-haired girl, his Nora, saw it and blinked his eyes: two little blonde girls and a woman with a face like a Madonna, and the little ones were lugging a tiny, bedraggled fir-tree, with battered tinsel and bits of bright ribbon, now sea-soaked and forlorn, still clinging to it. And Captain Peter Malloch—Peter the Flint—was holding them all, Christmas-tree included, in his arms.

"Alison," he said, and this was a man they 'd never seen or heard before this night. "And Pam! And Eileen! Oh, my dears!"

The woman said, "Peter, did you know we were on that ship? Did you know you were looking for us?"

"Yes, I knew," said Peter the Flint. "I heard from Gordon Ames, a ferry pilot, who 'd seen you sail from England. I knew, Alison. It was hard. It was so dark, my dears—so very dark."

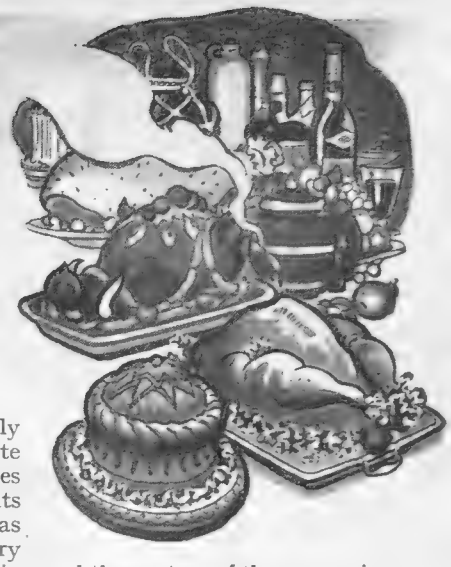
He looked at young Davie Clowes, who had upbraided him; at Jimmy the One, who had doubted him; and he saw the silent homage in their eyes.

"A merry Christmas all," said he. "And let us thank God." He lifted his voice, which was a good voice, and they joined him after a moment—

"For lo! the days are hast'ning on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heav'n and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing."

[END]

Yuletides of the Allies



Some Strange Christmas Feasts and Customs

By C. Patrick Thompson

OVER most of Hitlerite Europe the shadow of the crooked cross lies heavy across the Christian cross, and for all the occupied nations the Christmas of 1942 will be the most tragic in living memory.

No midnight mass—the German curfew lasts from midnight or earlier, until six a.m., and doesn't lift for Christmas—few Christmas trees, and fewer presents to hang on the unlit branches. Turkeys, geese, ducks, veal, pork, game, the succulent main Christmas dishes, scarcer than they have been in centuries, are reserved for the herrenvolk, the quislings, and the privileged. Wine cellars have been gutted by the swastika horde. Breweries and distilleries have been damped down or closed for lack of hops, grain, chemicals, labour and transport. Besides, alcohol is needed for explosives, and whether it comes from grain or grapes the herrenvolk monopolise it.

But every one of the nations overrun by the modern Attila's mechanised hordes has a fighting core now in the British island base which guards the western sea and air approaches to America, and menaces Hitler's empire from the Arctic Circle westwards and eastwards to those warm blue seas which wash the shores of the Holy Land where, nearly two thousand years ago, Three Wise Men followed a star trail to the Bethlehem stable.

The Christmas committees of these fighting men have been busy. Friends and Allies help. The British and Americans provide foodstuffs. Presents come from national communities overseas—more from America than from Britain, where you need coupons to buy severely rationed clothes and chocolate now. Madame Hana Benes has arranged to have shipments of parcels hanging on Christmas trees in the quarters of every Czech unit. Their own chaplains, and the pastors of the seamen's missions will provide the Norwegians' Christmas Eve service, and in the R.N.A.F. recruiting school the Norwegian airmen will be singing traditional songs round a tall Christmas tree, candle-lit and decorated with national flags, and dining in near-Norwegian fashion afterwards.

But when I was talking lately to some of the European fighting men about their Christmas plans I became aware that at best it can be only a substitute Christmas for them. Mention of Christmas evoked nostalgic memories of homeland and happier times. They dwelt on the dishes and drinks they would miss, the irreplaceable sights, scents and sounds, the atmosphere, of the homeland. Few of these Fighting French, Poles, Czechs, Greeks, Norwegians, Dutchmen, Belgians, who pause in training and military duties to celebrate the Christmas of 1942 under British skies, will be without a vivid longing for the Christmas they used to know, and hope, God willing, to enjoy again one day.

"When I think of Christmas I think of 'Reveillon'," said a Gaul who came from a manor of Catholic France. Reveillon—the after-midnight feast which follows the service in the little rustic chapel or great cathedral. The family has kept its Christmas Eve fast, sustained by an eight o'clock dinner of vegetable soup, *macaroni au gratin, artichauts barigoules,* an *omelette à la constantin*—no meat. The bailiff and his men bring in the Yule log and light it, and the family sit talking and singing round it until the church bell calls them to *messe de minuit.*

The Dutch children stuff their little boots and shoes with hay and a carrot on top in case the white horse gets hungry on his tour of the roofs of the world

And now they are back, rubbing their hands, hungry as hunters, gathering round the great table agleam with cut crystal and elaborately chased family silver. In comes the *gros souper,* soup, lobster croquettes, trout, fillet of beef, the turkey stuffed with truffles, with celery salad and little peas cooked in sugar on the side, iced *macedoines,* and a big, hot, sweet *brioche,* wine-saturated.

The Gaul sighed. "We drank our own estate wines," he added. "They were very, very good."

If our Gaul came from a little farm he would think of his chicken or hare, his onion soup, and his vin rouge and cognac, the best bottles for Christmas. Or from the deep south, of *bouillabaisse,* into which go equal quantities of boiled, minced, fresh shrimp, lobster, crab, blue fish and halibut, along with strained vegetable juices, all seasoned with mace, nutmeg, cinnamon, hot peppers and garlic, sprinkled with toast stars and macaroni wise men, and tenderly cooked in a casserole.

Poultry will be scarce in Britain this Christmas, and the Fighting French will have to substitute beer for wine, but they will still enjoy a Christmas of abundance and luxury compared to one or two they have known since the war exploded in September, 1939. For instance, during the first Christmas of the war the heavens wept on France. In a section of the Maginot Line, buried deep under the earth near the Saar region, a very tall officer spoke consolingly to his men. (*Continued on page* 68)

Tall dark trees bathed in a glow of fairy lights in the main square of town and village

An Undiscovered

by NEGLEY

THE sister-ship of ships at sea is nowhere so obvious as in a convoy. You see them waiting beside each other in some unnamable harbour, or port. You see them, keeping company with each other, in the stormy seas. There was one oil-tanker so close to us that when she careened we could look at her entire deck. The corvettes of our escort were often lying across our bows in the distance, the sun glinting on their dazzle paint; and it gave us an assured feeling to know that they were constantly " pinging " for submarines. At a place called X on the chart we cut loose from the main convoy going across to Halifax and New York, and made a solitary dash for Iceland.

Less than two days out personalities began to make themselves felt in our ship, some not altogether pleasant. We were a cargo boat, hastily turned around at a British port and converted into something else. What that is will be for ever an argument among her officers. She must be nameless; she sailed from a secret northern port; her directions allowed only one word to be mentioned—Archangel.

I don't know how many cargo boats Britain has at sea, but there must be men and boys, like this, in every one of them. I would not class them with the angels. They are people whom you seldom consider when you hear the word convoy. Yet they are worth thinking about.

When the floor of our alleged dining-saloon was shingled with broken saucers in the morning, like the glass in some of London's squares after a heavy air raid, the chips were remorselessly pursued by two youths: Jim and " Aspidistra." Many a morning I watched Jim shoot across that linoleum on the seat of his pants! And how he cursed the " gentlemen " who left saucers on the tables as last night's ash-trays! Jim was twenty-two, and was in a ship beside the *Lancastria* when she was dive-bombed and sunk off St. Nazaire. His own ship, with her bridge blown off, nevertheless, took aboard 1,000 of the *Lancastria's* passengers. Jim said: " But it was the *noise* I disliked most, sir."

Aspidistra's father, from Cyprus, had been a Greek, with a name that sounded like Aspidistra. He was seventeen, had been at sea since a year before this war, always in cargo boats. Aspidistra had been, since this war began, three times through the Panama Canal to New Zealand, twice down to the Cape; and the trans-Atlantic run to New York was better known to him than his own home street. In the mornings, when I was writing in my day-book, and Aspidistra was wetting the table-cloth so that the dishes would not slide, he told me how he intended to be an R.A.F. pilot.

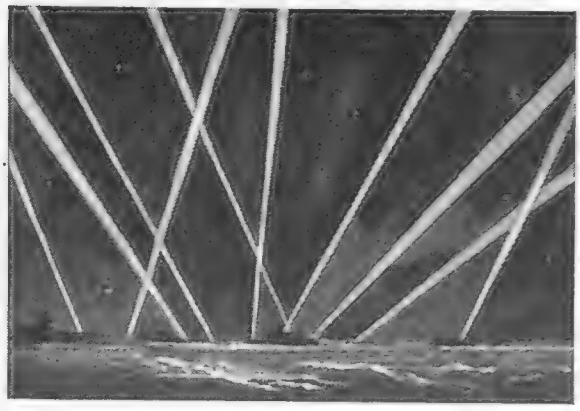
Then there was Blondie—one of the " Horrors of War "—only sixteen years old, fat as a robin, son of a Norwegian sailor and a Liverpool Irish girl, on only his second convoy, but completely unsquashable.

" By the time we get you to Russia, Blondie," said the wing commander, O.C. troops aboard our hybrid ship, " we'll have changed you so that even your own mother wouldn't know you! " Yes, but before we even got to Iceland the wing commander was hunting for cover whenever Blondie appeared.

Decoration by

Christmas

FARSON



Blondie's idea of making-up a bed was to pull all the sheets and blankets of all four bunks out on to the floor of the cabin, then walk about on them in his filthy sea-boots, while he sorted out those necessary to begin making-up the first bunk. In this fashion, growled the wing commander, he could well understand how he came to find Blondie's hoof-prints on his pillow-slip.

These boys and young men had been places, and seen things! Jock, our twenty-two years old Scot in the galley, had been in the *Athenia* when she was torpedoed, first ship sunk in this war. Then, a year later, he was in the *Sulinas* when she was torpedoed in almost the same place. The second steward had had to swim for it twice. And the chief steward had been ashore having a glass of Bass when his ship, loaded with T.N.T. was hit by a bomb. "But she didn't go off," he explained, "otherwise the blast would have killed me in that sanguinary —— little pub. Although my cabin was blown to —— blazes, I'll always contend that glass of —— Bass saved me —— life!"

NOW this is a Christmas story, so I'll skip the dossier of our grey, tough Irish skipper, who had remained on his previous ship for three days after she had been dive-bombed and beached by the stern at Crete. The most interesting people aboard our ship were three Norwegians. The new Norwegian Minister was going out to Kuibyshev, after his Government had resumed its relationship with the Soviets. With him was his military attaché, who had been at Narvik, "where we fought to the bitter end. Then I took my skis and escaped into Sweden." He never would tell how he came from Sweden to England. Then there was an extremely handsome youth, scion of a great and wealthy Norwegian family, who, like many of those bold Nordic spirits, had escaped in a small boat from the Nazis in his own country, crossing the North Sea to England, to fight with the United Nations. All three Norwegians, you must realise, were exiles from their homeland—and we were going to go up right past the tip of it. This had a peculiar, haunting effect upon all of them.

The witty Norwegian Minister, who, as a young diplomat, had dined Melba in Paris, opined that he would have some time acclimatising himself in frozen Russia, because "I have just come from six years in South America, where I was Minister to six republics. I lived in Buenos Aires." And most of the time of the three Norwegians was spent in making a fur hat for the Minister out of the skins of some rare animals he had brought with him, as souvenirs, from the Andes. He also had with him some cases of very fine Chilian white wine, which he shared liberally, until the frost broke the last of them.

We lived twenty-seven days in this ship, for the first part of the time being shaken about like dice in a cup. And then, up in the Arctic latitudes—where we lost the sun entirely—we entered an eerie calm, wherein our ship, coated with ice, slid silently along, while the Northern Lights danced across the Polar sky. This was an (*Continued on page* 56)

J. Nicolson

What Kings To-morrow?

After this War will there be another and greater turning from Monarchy towards Republicanism?

By Ferdinand Tuohy

CROWNED heads took a toss as a result of the last war. I believe there were approximately eleven republics in 1914 and eighteen at the finish. The more notable casualties like the Emperors of Germany, Russia, and Austria, brought down lesser fry with them. The wave of republicanism reached its height around 1920, after which year a reaction slowly set in. Kingship was revived here and there, a republic went west; and then the dictators.

What kings are Europeans going to salute after this charming performance is over? Will there be another and greater turning from monarchy towards republicanism, or to something more pronounced? Will kingship hold its own? May there even be more crowned heads than there were in 1939? Monarchy, we must remember, is being used by both sides in the struggle. The difference is that a Hitler Europe would show kings as so many imposed puppets, sort of royal gauleiters, whereas an Allied victory would give to the various countries the right and the opportunity to revive their thrones, reject them, or add to them, as they thought fit.

The main argument in favour of kingship is that it provides steadiness, a family respect for headship, and not infrequently more personal freedom than other regimes, attributes which may be in demand as the nations try to tread new arterial roads away from chaos. On the other hand, the case against kingship is not weak, namely, that it reposes on a ruling caste and a reactionary clericalism, each of which is held to have failed. The boast that other peoples have only to " make constitutional monarchy work as we do " is hardly helpful. The words " have only to " take infinitely too much for granted. There is such a thing as the shelter afforded by the English Channel, with its effect on the national temperament. Again, not every one abroad is willing to admit England to be a model in political, social and religious matters which are the outcome of her constitution.

The democrat king who got a bit of his own way might be a welcome innovation, but such princes are great rarities, and so far, when they have shown faint signs of becoming a reality, they've collected more eggs for being unconstitutional than bouquets for being unorthodox.

Now the first thing that emerges is that Hitler tried to lasso every monarch during his scramble across Europe; that he failed in a number of cases; that the crowned heads who escaped his clutch at once became heroically identified with their peoples' cause and struggle to regain their freedom and that these sovereigns accordingly have every chance of being rehabilitated on their thrones if the United Nations eventually finish on top. I say " if " because this brief scanning is valueless unless we keep in mind the four possible outcomes of the war, each of which would react differently on thrones and their likely occupants. An Allied victory. A Hitler victory. Stalemate. A " Red " tidal wave across much of the continent. In the first eventuality, I think we may safely put back on their thrones without more ado: King Haakon, Queen Wilhelmina, King George of Greece, King Peter of Yugoslavia. Prior to Hitler each reigned by the will of their peoples (the word " subjects " is passing).

There may be a possible exception here in the case of King Peter, on account of the fascist caperings of the wicked uncle, Paul, but any unpopularity the (*Continued on page* 63)

KING CHRISTIAN X of Denmark. He permanently represents his country's firm decision not to collaborate with the Nazi invaders

KING GEORGE of Greece. Prior to Hitler reigned by the will of his people

QUEEN WILHELMINA of Holland. There is certainly no alternative to the House of Orange save a German puppet prince, who would be detested and ignored

KING PETER of Yugoslavia. Any unpopularity the dynasty gained through the fascist caperings of the Uncle Paul have been expunged by the brave escape of the boy King

KING HAAKON of Norway, who went into exile rather than accept the offer of throne and comfort within the structure of the New Order

KING LEOPOLD of Belgium stayed at home while rejecting Hitler, and so won fresh esteem from his people

MY sherry-glass tinkled to the floor

My Friend Lavinia

The Ghost of his pretty Kinswoman walked with some effect into William's Christmas Romance

By K. M. A. Merson

SHE came into my life exactly a year ago to-day—on Christmas Eve, 1941.

I was standing in the hall, and drinking my second sherry, when I became aware of a perfume. It was a very pleasant perfume and my nose twitched appreciatively, but I couldn't place it. It wasn't the heady attack of "Sinfully Yours" that Carol Dallas, our American guest, poured over herself by the pint. It wasn't the lavender water that Mabel dabbed on her hankies. And just as I was growing a trifle peeved at my ignorance a voice as clear and sweet as a bell prompted: "It's sandalwood, silly!"

I jumped. I turned round. I was, surprisingly, still alone in the vast columned hall. But the perfume grew more pungent, and then, gradually, like a blurred film coming into focus, I saw her.

She was leaning against the mantelpiece, and she was just about the most heavenly thing I've ever set eyes on, with a mass of new-penny hair, enormous violet eyes, and a skin as delicate as porcelain. Like the advertisement, it gave you the greatest desire to touch. Perched on the shining hair was a hat rather like a man's dress topper, except that it was made of velvet. She wore a dashing wine-red jacket with frogs of gold braid, and a sweeping bottle-green velvet skirt to match up the headgear. One elegant hand rested on the mantelpiece and the other flicked her skirt, idly, with a little riding-crop.

It struck me as rather a peculiar get-up for a Christmas party, exotic to a degree, and extremely unpractical with the coupon situation as it was. But it was quite a time before it struck me that there was something even more peculiar about the girl herself. Not until I realised that through the thickness of the velvet—the gleaming satin jacket, the radiant little face—I could also see the ornate carving of the fireplace and the leaping logs below, did it dawn upon me that the girl was transparent.

I'm a sensible man and not subject to nerves, but it shook me considerably. I thought rapidly of Edgar Allan Poe, and Scrooge, and Coward's *Blithe Spirit*. My sherry-glass tinkled to the floor. I sagged limply on to the couch. The girl immediately perched herself at the other end of it. Once again, through what I had always considered to be solid matter—bone and flesh and material—I could see the wall beyond and the clock ticking dutifully upon it.

My next reaction was one of pure pleasure. This, I thought, makes everything perfect. I ticked off the items with growing satisfaction. Mother was giving an unusually lavish house party, considering the times, to celebrate my engagement to a girl of whom she thoroughly approved. Upstairs a small but distinguished collection of guests were changing for dinner in the good old pre-war manner. The house was looking lovelier than usual, with holly and mistletoe, and great bunches of tawny chrysanthemums to soften its pure, slightly austere beauty. Enderly Hall was built for our ancestors by Robert Adam. It stands like a grey goddess in the midst of rolling parkland, and we are justly proud of it. And now, as a final embellishment, a family ghost had presented itself—and not a dreary, chain-clanking victim of a murder, but a lovely young thing from the roaring Regency days. I felt that our family managed things pretty well.

"Don't be so insufferably smug," the bell-like voice trilled in my ear. "Haven't you heard that little cliché about pride and a fall?"

I stiffened. "Why shouldn't I be?" I demanded; "wouldn't any man be justified in smugness, had he the fortune to be in my shoes? I'm thirty-four, I'm as fit as a fiddle, I'm a successful professor of crystallography—and allow me to remind you, young woman, that crystallography is a profession that can be pursued with an easy conscience, for it's of even greater importance in war than peace. And I'm in love. You bet I'm feeling smug! And so what, Miss—er——?"

"Pennington. Lavinia Pennington.

You may call me Lavinia, Cousin William. Oh, yes, we're cousins—though I'll admit somewhat far removed," she laughed, displaying two dimples, and then she forgot me for a moment, having become lost in admiration of her feet, peeping engagingly through yards of velvet. I don't blame her. They were three and a bit, and encased in hand-sewn Russian leather.

I coughed. With a reluctant sigh she turned her incredible eyes back to me. "You're right about your job and your smugness—but you're no more in love than the man in the moon."

"Interesting. Mind if I smoke?" I was heavily sarcastic. Damn it, the girl had a nerve. A mere ghost, materialising herself in my house without so much as a by-your-leave, and then informing me that I didn't know my own heart.

"Oh, please *do* smoke!" she stared wistfully at my lighter. "Aren't they fun! I wish women had been allowed to smoke in my day. As a matter of fact, I did once, when I was twelve. Brown paper. Stanton dared me—he's my brother, you know. I was fearfully sick. Mother was furious. All over the drawing-room carpet. Brand new, and pale pink."

I grinned. Then I pulled myself up sharply. The girl was too disarming to be safe. "Would it be asking too much to inquire the reason for this visit?"

"Visits," Lavinia corrected. "I've been around quite a while. I want to give you some advice. I'm worried about you."

Worried about me! I should have thought she would have been better occupied worrying about herself. Completely transparent: neither to-day nor yesterday, nor to-morrow—it was all very untidy.

She placed a hand as light as thistledown on my knee. "Please—this engagement. Don't marry Mabel Stubley-Moore. You'll regret it all your life if you do. Believe me—I *know*! Be a lamb and break it off now, please!"

"I'll do nothing of the kind," I said indignantly; "who do you think you are, I should like to know?"

"I'm your friend, and I know what's good for you, even if you don't." She rose as imperiously as a duchess; and I couldn't help thinking what a pity it was girls didn't take lessons in deportment any more. Her eyes flashed scornfully. "Of course, you're not in love with Mabel Stubley-Moore—how *could* you be? Look at her! Look at her ankles! Take her out in the moonlight—good heavens, man, she's as romantic as cold mutton!"

I rose then, not at all gracefully, but equally angry. "Please leave this house, and don't come back."

Lavinia stamped her foot soundlessly on the parquet. "I give you one more chance, William Craydent. Will you or won't you break off this ridiculous entanglement?"

"No, I won't!" I yelled. If it weren't for the fact that I'm what is supposed to be a gentleman—and also that I wasn't at all sure it was possible—I would have taken the maddening creature by her slender shoulders and shaken her until her teeth fell out.

She stared at me, a long, considering stare. And then a diabolical gleam came into those truly remarkable eyes. She smiled at me in the pitying way that a nurse watches the futile attempts of a child to dodge the castor oil. "Very well," she said grandly, "so be it, but don't say you haven't been warned!"

I started forward, genuinely alarmed. "What the devil do you——?" But I was glaring into nothingness: Lavinia had vanished. Nothing remained but an echo of sandalwood. With a hand trembling with rage I poured out another sherry.

THE Christmas-night dinner, so everybody declared, was a great success. Mother had arranged a menu that defied

Illustrated by W.

I SWUNG round. On the sleeping head, with curls of

the laws of rationing. The cellar that father—bless his bones—had stocked almost as though he had known there would be a shortage of wines, produced several magnums of dry champagne and a port as rich as cream. The table was illuminated by mellow candles in old silver holders. There were crackers and indoor fireworks that wouldn't work, and all the pleasant absurdities that are part of the Christmas ritual. Everybody was having a roaring time . . . except me.

I'd slept very badly the night before. I kept waking up and imagining that I could smell sandalwood, and peering into the dark corners of my room, straining my eyes for a glimpse of shining hair and mocking eyes. But Lavinia did not condescend to appear. I was almost as angry about her non-appearance as I would have been if I'd seen her. She was up to some devilry, of that I was positive, and the suspense was getting under my skin.

I glanced gloomily round the table. Was there anybody there, I wondered, in whom I could safely confide? Sir Edward, Mabel's father, pink-cheeked and Indian army? No. He would have recommended a course of cold baths and hard riding. Jack and Anne Collys? Again, no. They had been married barely three months and were still under the delusion that they were alone in a rose-cluttered arbour. Carol Dallas, blonde and American, and as rich as Midas? She'd have said: "A ghost—how adorable! Could I buy it for my Nassau villa?" Decidedly no. Bobbie Marton? Again the negative. He had quite enough on his plate, poor devil, torch-carrying for the fickle Carol. No. There was nobody, it seemed. Unless I told mother. Or Mabel.

I examined Mabel carefully. She was looking particularly well that night, with her rather sallow cheeks flushed with excitement, and a chiffony scarf thing softening her shoulder-blades. "Marry a *thin* girl, William," mother had urged, with the plaintive insistence of one whose whole life had been a losing battle with diets; "they *wear* better, William."

Mabel was certainly thin—except for her hands, which were rather big and red. She's a great golfer, and her ankles, which—I flushed angrily. That was that damned Lavinia putting cruel criticisms into my head! What did the size of hands and ankles matter, for goodness' sake? Solid worth was what counted in this world. Loyalty and honesty, and reliability and plain common sense; and Mabel, mother said, was the most sensible girl she'd ever met. I looked at Mabel's face with approval—determined approval. Pleasant, homely, with just a touch of powder. Natural eyebrows. Brown hair parted in the middle and plaited into a neat bun at the back. Ladylike. "Marry a *lady*," mother had advised; "glamour is all very well, William, but a lady is a *lady*, if you know what I mean."

And a lady, I decided, would take a very poor view of a ghost who looked like all the answers to all men's prayers. Not that Lavinia *wasn't* a lady—or had been, I should say. There was plenty of breeding there, all right. But there was also plenty of glamour. No, it would be better not to tell Mabel.

Should I tell mother? The desire to tell someone—*any one*—that I was being haunted was growing acute. I smiled along the table at mother, plump and petite and—and cherishable, in a soft grey dress with dark red roses glowing on her white bosom. Dear old mother, how she hated being small and plump, how she hated her half-Gallic ancestry. She felt it wasn't quite proper and rather a slight on father, to be so vague and shoulder shrugging, and altogether delightful. Oh, mother would adore a family ghost, but she wouldn't approve of it. She would refuse to *admit* it, even if Lavinia were standing before her (*Continued on page* 53)

S m i t h s o n - B r o a d h e a d

pillow rested a head, a lovely, new-penny hair splayed out on it

Adrift In The Mediterranean

By an R.A.F. Pilot Officer—as told to

Allan A. Michie

NOT all victories are won by offensive actions: some of the most heroic victories of the Second World War have been won by men who have held on through ordeals almost beyond human endurance to live to fight another day. Such men were the members of the crew of a Wellington bomber which made a forced landing in the Mediterranean. The crew of six took to the self-inflating round rubber dinghy, which every British bomber carries, and for eleven long days, despite the fact that they had scarcely any food or water and were burned severely by the relentless Mediterranean sun, they fought back death.

Two of the crew gave their lives in a desperate last-minute attempt to save their comrades. The remaining four were rescued and were back in operations a few weeks later.

The pilot of the plane was a dark-haired, soft-voiced Devonshire lad of twenty-one. A Cambridge University student before the war, he spent many months training in the R.A.F. before he took his Wellington on its first long flight. This is his story:

We took off on a Friday, the thirteenth. We didn't think anything about the date at the time, or if we did we didn't have an opportunity to say anything about it, for we were much too busy making everything shipshape.

We shook hands with some of the chaps who'd done their training with us, and then climbed aboard the kite. We took off and climbed slowly, while our escort of Hurricanes soon hopped nimbly off after us.

It started off as a quiet trip; we saw nothing except the rippling blue of the Mediterranean far below us, but the front and rear gunners kept a sharp eye peeled for prying Eyeties. Wellingtons carry a crew of six. There's the second pilot, the navigator, wireless operator, rear and front gunners and the pilot.

We were purring along smoothly about three hours out of the base when, suddenly, the starboard motor started to splutter. I was at the controls then, and I kept listening anxiously to hear if it was getting worse. It coughed along intermittently for another two hours, and then I noticed that the oil in the port engine was getting unusually hot. I pumped in some fresh oil and prayed that she would hold out until we were within sight of land. Half an hour later, however, the oil pressure dropped, and in a few moments she packed up solid.

I asked the navigator on the inter-com. what our position was. "About fifty miles from the coast, sir," he replied. I turned the kite towards the North African shore and opened the starboard engine flat out and then gave the controls to the second pilot. The splutters began to get worse, and it was obvious to us all that we were headed for the drink. We had a terrific load on board, and we were already down to 2,000 feet. We knew that we had only a few minutes left before we hit the water. The sea was almost dead calm, but it is no easy job to pancake a heavy bomber on to the water.

I WENT up and down the aircraft giving instructions for our landing. The wireless operator sent out a hurried SOS, but he received no reply. I told him to tie down his key. Then we blew up our Mae Wests and waited. We braced ourselves for the crash. The second pilot sang out: "Hang on."

There was a terrific crack as she hit the water. The plane lurched slightly once, twice, and then settled down. Water poured in from the holes in her bottom, and in a tick it was up to our waists. There it stopped. I struggled along to the pilot's cabin and pulled the dinghy toggle next to my seat, and after an anxious moment we could see the dinghy compartment opening outside the fuselage and then the dinghy itself popped out, and flopped into the water under the wing.

One by one we walked gingerly out on the wing and climbed into the round rubber dinghy which was still held alongside the plane by a rope. I waited until the others got seated and then went back inside the aircraft and chucked my confidential papers into the sea. Then I took my place in the dinghy, and we cut the rope attaching it to the plane. We had an idea that the kite would sink pretty fast and pull us down with it. The Hurricanes circled around overhead until they saw us get into the dinghy, and then flew off on our original course. We knew that they would report our position, and we were absolutely confident that we would be picked up that day or, at least, the next.

The first thing we did was to chuck away all our wet clothing, leaving on only our undershirts and shorts. That was our greatest mistake, we discovered later, for we had no protection against the sun. Our other mistake was to (*Continued on page* 66)

THE second pilot shook his head. "I won't let him go alone," he said

Old Tales Re-told

Stories from the Life of the Famous Painter

Hans Holbein

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

ANYONE who spends as much time reading books as I do must have noticed what a number of nonentities have thought themselves important enough to write their memoirs, whereas many men and women who have led really important and exciting lives have not left one word describing their experiences.

Such a person was the famous painter Hans Holbein. He spent the best part of his life in England, during that amazing period when Henry VIII. was juggling with such delicate matters as the marriage laws, religious traditions, the cares of State, and solving all problems, including those of his fickle heart, with expulsions and the scaffold. Had Holbein, who became his friend, written of his experiences with the same shrewdness and realism that characterised his painting, he would undoubtedly have left us a treasure not second even to the *Satiricon* of Petronius or the diary of Samuel Pepys.

There were three artists in the Holbein family at Augsburg—his father and his eldest brother, Ambrose, besides himself—and it was by no means easy for all of them to make a living at painting. It was in the field of printing that young Hans found work; but this was not good enough for him, and at the age of seventeen he placed his scanty belongings on the roof of the mail-coach bound for Switzerland. He made for Basle, where he found a modest studio. Strong, healthy and gay, he liked the beautiful country, with its blue sky and crystal water, but he liked still more the frothy beer and sparkling Rhine wines. His taste for the physical pleasures of life found an outlet in his over-ardent enthusiasm for his models—those buxom wenches of the beer-gardens and the red-cheeked milkmaids. His business intercourse with the literary world brought him into contact with Erasmus, one of the greatest intellectuals of his time.

This man recognised at once the scope of Holbein's talent, and gave the young artist the opportunity of painting that portrait of him which is classed to-day among the great masterpieces of painting. He also presented him with a copy of his well-known *Laus Stultetiae*, a panegyric upon folly. Holbein was so interested in the descriptions of the various forms of folly therein that he filled up the margins with graphic illustrations and returned the book to Erasmus.

Soon the copy was sent back to him again, and he saw that underneath his drawing of a fat Dutch drunkard in love, hugging to his bosom a bottle and a stout wench, Erasmus had jokingly written "Hans Holbein!" Immediately, he returned the book once again with an extra page stuck in representing Erasmus as a dusty bookworm busily scraping together some old manuscripts, and under this was written *Adagia*, the title of another of Erasmus's books!

His taste for the physical pleasures of life found an outlet in his over-ardent enthusiasm for his models—those buxom wenches of the beer-gardens and the red-cheeked milkmaids

Holbein, when still in his twenties, married a widow with two children; but it seems that there was some incompatibility between him and his wife—or more probably between his wife and his profession. When Erasmus persuaded Holbein to go to England, where his talents might gain greater recognition, he left his family at Basle and travelled alone.

He was now twenty-nine. Erasmus had provided him with letters of recommendation to Sir Thomas More, who received him most cordially and offered him the hospitality of his Chelsea home. For two years Holbein lived with his illustrious host, whose patronage brought him many commissions. After this he was able to return to Basle and buy a freehold house overlooking the Rhine. All went well for a time, until money became low again and his struggles began afresh. He decided to go back to London, where there was so much scope for his genius. In 1531 he set up a studio in one of the wooden houses built along London Bridge. The view of the Thames replaced that of the Rhine.

A new friend, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, filled him with hopes of being introduced at Court. But the moment was an awkward one. Queen Catherine, humiliated and repudiated after her unequal fight against despotism, had been confined at Windsor. King Henry, jealous of Sir Thomas Wyatt's attentions to Anne Boleyn, revealed the real reason

of his desire to be rid of Catherine. His specious pretext of a flaw in the legitimacy of the marriage—after twenty years—scandalised the civilised world. None dared oppose him, however, for to do so would be to pave the way to the scaffold. Cardinal Wolsey, in spite of his miracles of diplomacy, lost the Queen's favour as well as the friendship of the King. Cardinal Compeggio, who represented the Pope, did no better. The Vatican stubbornly refused to ratify the proposed annulment of the marriage, and the possibility of the King's excommunication terrified the Catholic world.

All this uproar had infuriated King Henry. He was now ready to crush every form of opposition in order to get his own way. So Holbein waited for a more propitious moment. When the news of Henry's marriage to Anne Boleyn was made public and the citizens had to bedeck the City of London with flags, banners and ornamentation in readiness for the coming procession of the new Queen, Holbein was commissioned by the Steelyard to design the triumphal arch through which the procession would pass.

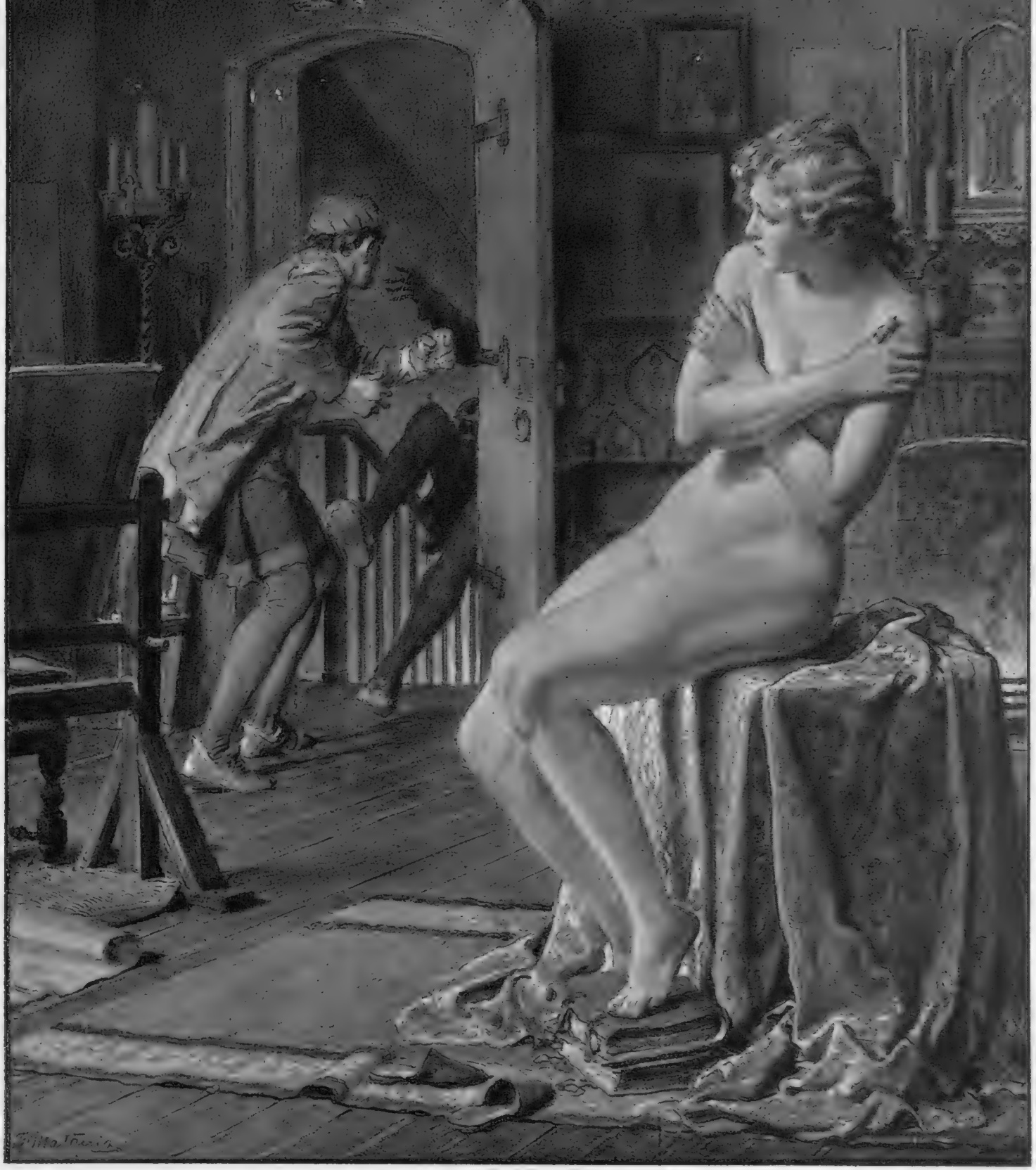
ANNE BOLEYN'S brief reign was at an end when Sir Thomas Cromwell judged the time ripe to attract the King's attention to Holbein's work. One day he entertained the King at his house. Holbein's best pictures had been hung to their best advantage in the hall. When the King entered he was immediately struck by their brilliance. He stood for a long time before each one, then turning to his host he asked if the artist was alive and if he could be hired. The Lord Privy Seal replied: "Very much alive, and here at hand if your Majesty's pleasure is to meet him."

"Of course I wish to meet him!" answered the King.

A minute later two hands were clasped together—one of which would produce further masterpieces of art for the joy of posterity, while the other would sign so many cruel sentences of death.

Without hesitation, Henry appointed Hans Holbein to be Court painter at a

The meeting of King Henry and Holbein. A minute later, two hands were clasped together—one of which would produce further masterpieces of art for the joy of posterity



Holbein flung the intruder from the door of the studio and sent him somersaulting down the flight of stairs

salary of two hundred florins, and he was to receive extra fees for each separate picture.

The Dutchman's happy nature delighted King Henry. It was a refreshing change to him, after being surrounded by cringing courtiers whose submission only masked their fear for their lives. An episode followed soon after which proved the high estimation in which the King held his new friend.

A certain nobleman went to Holbein's studio without having made a proper appointment. When the servant opened the door he informed the visitor that his master was at work with a model and that it would be better to come at another time. With which he closed the door. The nobleman, either because he felt offended by the rebuff or because the idea of seeing a nude model whetted his curiosity, violently pushed the door open, rushed past the servant and ran up the stairs. The studio door was just at the top, and Holbein turned round from his easel just in time to behold the intruder bursting into the room. Without a word, he took him by the arm and flung him out, sending him somersaulting down the flight of stairs.

Bruised and furious, the ill-mannered nobleman picked himself up, shouted a torrent of threats and flounced out, banging the door behind him. Holbein deemed it wiser to acquaint the King of what had happened before his lordship could get his account in first. He dismissed the frightened girl and hurried off to the palace. Admitted immediately, he gave King Henry a vivid description of the incident, and had scarcely finished when a page announced that a certain eminent lord requested the King for an urgent audience. With a gleam of amusement in his eyes, Henry told the page to admit the nobleman at once. The surprise of finding Holbein there before him redoubled the fury of the outraged aristocrat. Loudly he stated his grievance. The King listened very seriously and then requested Holbein to apologise to him. This infuriated the man still more. Trembling with rage, he shouted that he would not be satisfied till he had seen the head of that "vile plebeian" fall beneath the axe. Now King Henry rose from his chair, and,

confronting the complainant in his characteristic posture with legs well astride, he said to him: "My lord, you have not to do with Holbein, but with me. Whatever punishment you may contrive by way of revenge shall most assuredly be inflicted upon yourself. Remember, I can whenever I please make seven lords out of seven ploughmen; but even I cannot make one Holbein out of seven lords!" A bow and a hurried exit were the only reply that the flabbergasted peer could make.

Events at Court had moved swiftly. The much-beloved Anne Boleyn, for whom the King had committed every kind of folly, had been replaced in his heart by Jane Seymour, who was being prepared for the wedding which took place only a few hours after the head of her predecessor had fallen. All was joy and festivity, adulation and eulogy; panegyrics on the "invincible sovereign" and the "perils and dangers he endured in his married life" were echoed even in Parliament. Meanwhile, Hans Holbein went on with his immortal work.

Before his easel now stood Jane Seymour in a dark-red gown, her hands clasped together in the way he generally posed his sitters. This portrait was finished just in time, before the Queen retired to Hampton Court for the last phase of her confinement. A month later Prince Edward was born. The King was wild with joy—but the general rejoicing did not last long. Jane Seymour died a fortnight later, on October 24.

The Christmas of that year, 1537, was the first of King Henry's reign which was passed in quietude and mourning. He was not deterred, however, from beginning his search for another wife within a month of the Queen's death. There were many eligible damsels of high degree in foreign lands, and as the art of photography was then undreamt of, King Henry resorted to the help of Holbein in depicting for his approval the features of suitable applicants. He sent him to Belgium to paint the beautiful young Duchess of Milan. The portrait was duly sent to him, with the Duchess's cryptic comment: "If I had two heads I would gladly put one at the disposal of your Majesty." The proposed match was quickly abandoned.

A few months later the painter was commanded to prepare for a visit to Germany. Anne of Cleves had been suggested as a possible bride, and the King naturally wished to know what she looked like. This suggestion came from Sir Thomas Cromwell, who was anxious to score over the Catholics by providing the King with a Protestant wife. Now Holbein was under considerable obligation to Sir Thomas Cromwell, so he deliberately attributed to Anne of Cleves in his portrait a great deal of beauty which she did not possess. He made an exquisite miniature, mounted it on an ivory box and sent it straight to London. The King was charmed at once, for he implicitly trusted Holbein's faithful brush, and without hesitation concluded the formal arrangements for the betrothal. There is no doubt that Holbein must have felt considerable qualms at the far-reaching results of his deception. Preparations for the reception of the bride proceeded with much pomp.

The meeting was to take place at Canterbury on New Year's Eve; but Henry could not wait for the official welcome. He went on ahead to feast his eyes on this incomparable beauty to Rochester, where Anne had arrived the previous day. It is in the following words that Agnes Strickland describes what took place: "A glance sufficed to destroy the enchantment which Holbein's pencil had created. The goods were not equal to pattern, and he considered himself an injured man."

He disguised as much as possible his aversion for the plain, insignificant woman, whose faced was ravaged by the traces of smallpox. The situation was rendered even more difficult by the fact that she knew no English, and he hated the sound of the guttural Dutch language. They spent the day together, but the storm was only postponed. Directly he left her, the King summoned to his presence all the persons responsible for bringing Anne to England.

They trembled as they stood before

(*Continued on p.* 60)

Before his easel now stood Jane Seymour, in a dark-red gown, her hands clasped together in the way he generally posed his sitters

Gandhi—And Dictatorship

By Sir William Barton, K.C.I.E.

Who has had a long and distinguished career in the Service of India, and was a member of the Ministry of Supply Mission to India from September 1940 to April 1941

"I COULD not understand," Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru tells us in his autobiography, "how Gandhi could accept the present social order, based as it is on violence and conflict. India is supposed to be a religious country above everything else. The spectacle of what is called religion, at any rate, organised religion, in India"—he is referring to Hinduism—"has filled me with horror; I have frequently condemned it. I would like to make a clean sweep of it. It stands for blind belief, reaction, dogma, bigotry and superstition, the exploitation of the masses, and the preservation of vested interests." The Pandit comments further that the Hindu claim to spirituality as against the materialism of the West is simply an attempt to hide an inferiority complex. He disliked intensely what he described as Gandhi's religious exploitation of the masses.

Now Pandit Nehru, as is generally known, is Gandhi's principal lieutenant, a close friend and admirer. We may take it then that his criticism is candid and sincere. Whether his indictment of Hinduism is justified or not, need not concern us. The point is that the ablest of the Mahatma's colleagues, himself a Hindu, places a low moral value on the Hindu religion and strongly disapproves of Gandhi's playing on the superstition inherent in the mass mind for political ends.

The exploitation of mass superstition has, in fact, throughout been the keynote of Gandhi's political strategy. It was indeed an inevitable corollary on the principle of civil disobedience. Without the support of the masses this newly developed weapon of revolution would have been useless. If he had not accepted Hinduism and all it stands for, he would have appealed in vain to the masses to follow him. It is Hindu mass support that has given him his outstanding position in Indian politics; until that support was assured Congress was a bourgeois movement, representing a tiny minority of the people; unsupported by the lower ranks of society their claim to wield supreme power rested on the flimsiest moral basis; the lure of a Hindu raj, which Gandhi promised them with mass support if they would adopt his leadership, was too strong to be resisted.

The India Act of 1935 opened out splendid prospects to the demagogue. The Hindu rural masses in the predominantly Hindu provinces were at Gandhi's feet; to sweep the board at the elections he had only to renew his promise of a golden age given fifteen years earlier when he started his first civil disobedience movement.

Never in history has a powerful government endured with such a degree of patience a campaign of calumny and hate of the kind that Gandhi let loose against British rule. Not only was British imperialism painted in the blackest of colours, western civilisation itself and all it implied of moral and material progress was anathema in the Gandhian creed.

A CHARACTERISTIC portrait of Gandhi, India's stormy petrel

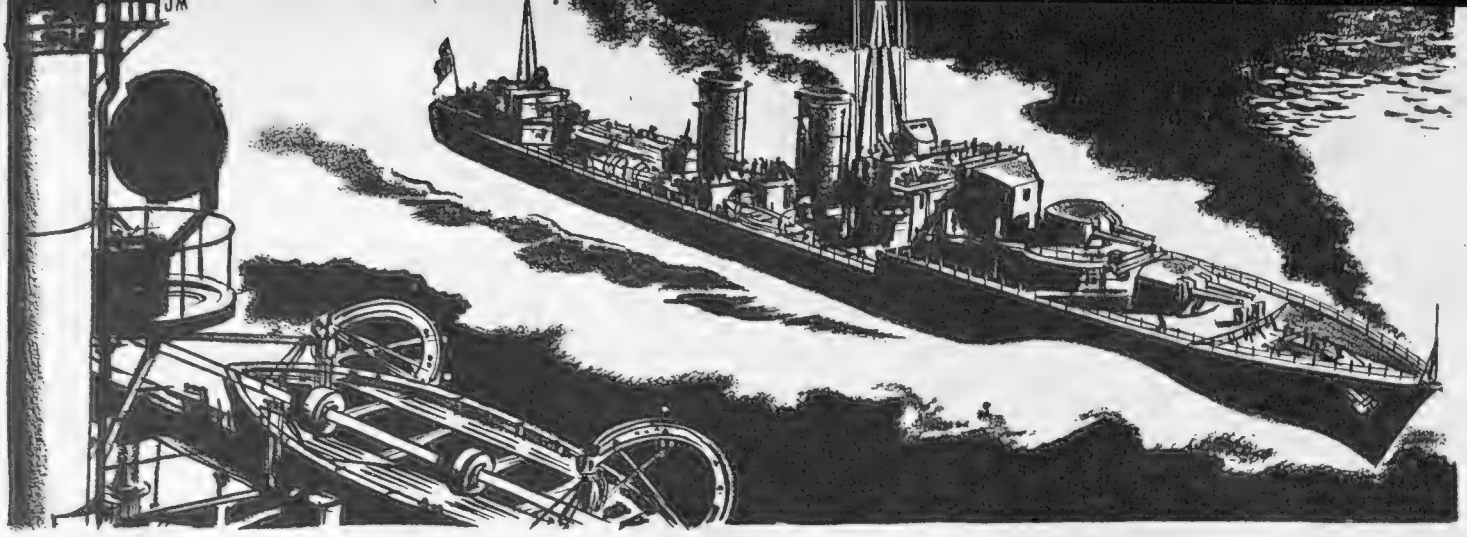
His friends and admirers abroad imagine that he aims at instituting a democratic regime based on British principles. It is doubtful. Gandhi is not a democrat in the British or American sense of the term. He regards the British system with a prejudiced eye. For the British Parliament he has little but contempt. He compares the Mother of Parliaments to a sterile woman and a *prostitute* at that. Sterile because, in his view, "it has not yet of its own accord done a single good thing. It is like a *prostitute* because it is under the control of ministers who change from time to time."

Gandhi will have no such parliament in India. The idea of a benevolent dictatorship seems to emerge from his public pronouncements and from his insistence on non-violence. It is hardly necessary to say that his dreams of a new India are not shared by the financiers and industrialists who have provided the huge funds without which even the persuasive demagogy of a Gandhi would have proved fruitless.

Gandhi is a Bania by caste, the third grade in the Hindu social hierarchy. He believes in the caste system, and though he professes sympathy with the minorities there is little doubt that he regards them all, outcasts, Muslims, Christians, as outside the pale, and expects them ultimately to submit to the rule of the Hindu majority. His practical disfranchisement of the outcast when by the coercive process of a fast-to-death in 1932 he induced them to give up their separate electorates supports this theory. Nehru emphasises the fact that the Congress movement is still bourgeois, in other words a caste Hindu movement, with a programme opposed to the interests of the masses who gave Congress its victory at the polls in 1937. For this Gandhi must accept responsibility.

Many other prominent Hindus outside Congress, like Nehru, condemn Gandhi's religious exploitation of the masses. Prominent among them is one of India's greatest sons, with a world-wide reputation, Rabindra Nath Tagore. In his role of religious ascetic Tagore admired Gandhi, he utterly disapproved of his use of religious mysticism for political ends. He saw the danger of mental despotism loom near; he sensed the danger of blind obedience that Gandhi demanded from his followers. "Should India alone," he asks, "recite the chapter of negation, dwell eternally on the faults of others and strive for *swaraj* on the basis of hatred?"

"Congress," says Nehru, "is Gandhi. Congress is of his making." Only his magic influence holds together its heterogeneous elements: communists, socialists, the Forward Bloc (*Continued on page* 58)



Vale...

Parting from a ship in which he has served is, to a sailor, like parting from a friend

by Edward Cranston

THREE men sat at the big dining-table in the middle of the destroyer's wardroom. Before each was a glass, and a decanter of whisky stood beside a siphon on the sideboard. It was a curious scene, lit only by the dim rays of a single ship's lantern. The deck sloped slightly to starboard and the glass of the pistol cupboard had been smashed into tiny fragments. The three men were silent, each one busy with his own thoughts. They were the captain, the navigator and the engineer officer. The deck was at an angle because the destroyer had been beached in shallow water and under her bridge there was a jagged gaping hole where the bomb explosion had torn the plates apart.

The navigator stared at the opposite bulkhead, but he did not see it. Instead, he saw a storm coming up from ahead as he stood on the bridge and the plaintive wail of the sirens as the visibility closed down to zero. He could almost feel the cold sharp rain driving into his face and the slippery deck beneath his feet. He smiled to himself. They had nearly been lost that time. No one, perhaps, knew as well as he how nearly it was. They had been near the coast and he knew they must be miles off their course. For days they had had no means of ascertaining their position. There had been no sun, no moon and no stars. And then, when he had expected to make a landfall, this storm had swept down on them, obliterating everything. They had altered course and steered parallel with the coast line. They could have turned away, but that would have wasted precious time. Besides, their fuel supplies were running low. The next few hours had been anxious ones indeed. He knew he would never forget the uncanny silence on the bridge, broken only by the hoot of the sirens. And then, quite suddenly, the weather

AND then, when he had expected to make a landfall, this storm had swept down on them

had cleared. Away to starboard of them they could see the rugged line of wicked-looking rocks marking the coast. They had made port only one hour later than they should have done. That night, tired but happy, he had dined with the captain and his wife in his cabin. He remembered her saying: "You must all feel very pleased with yourselves, every time you come home, at cheating the U-boats." Her husband had laughed at him.

"We don't worry about them—the weather's enough for us!"

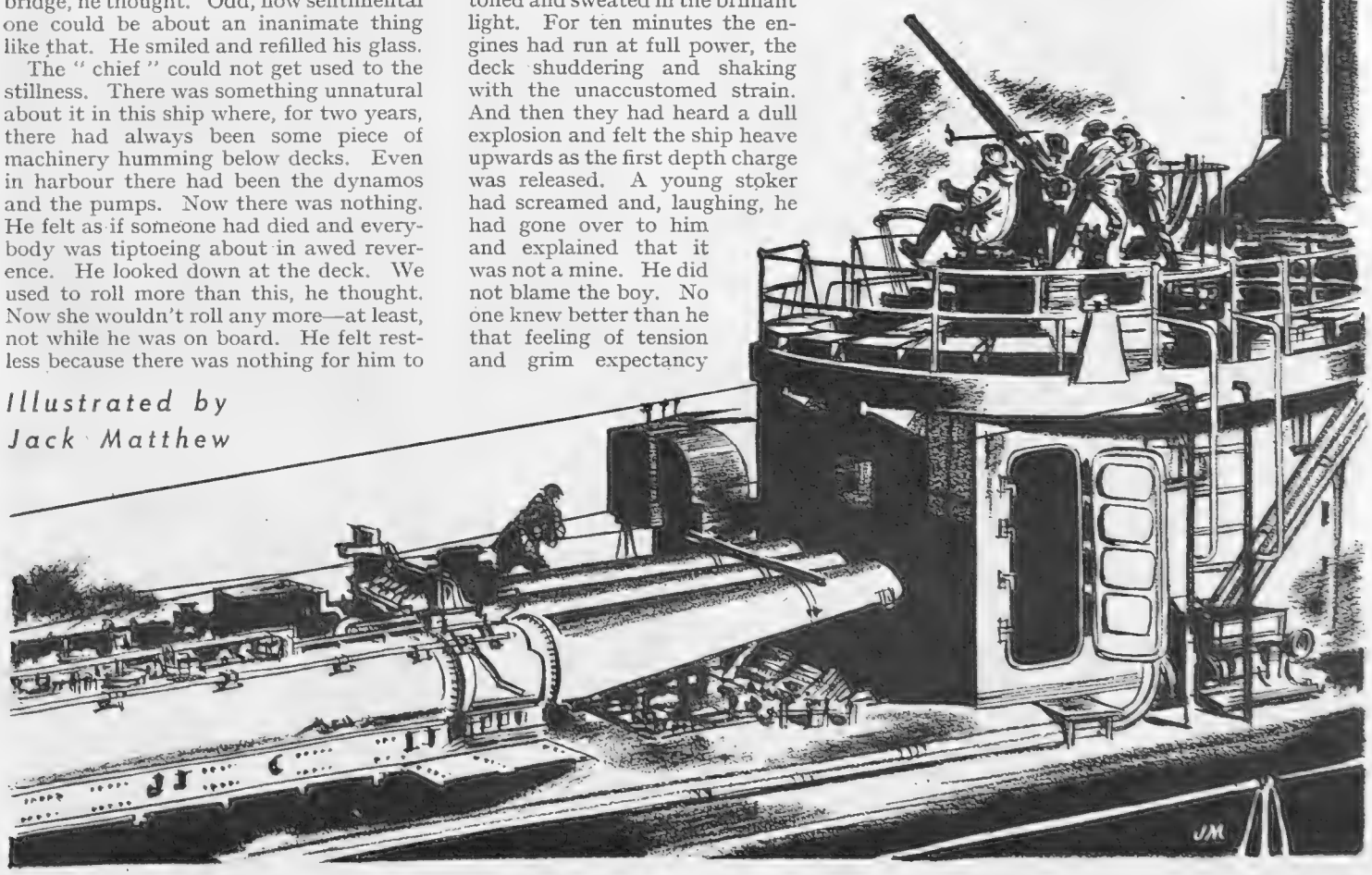
Now they didn't have to worry about the weather any more. It was strangely ironic that they should end up on a mud bank, when, for so many months he had tried to keep the ship clear of such dangers.

The navigator picked up his glass and drained it. He knew there would be another job for him fairly soon, but he wished it could have been in this ship again. I've become very fond of that bridge, he thought. Odd, how sentimental one could be about an inanimate thing like that. He smiled and refilled his glass.

The "chief" could not get used to the stillness. There was something unnatural about it in this ship where, for two years, there had always been some piece of machinery humming below decks. Even in harbour there had been the dynamos and the pumps. Now there was nothing. He felt as if someone had died and everybody was tiptoeing about in awed reverence. He looked down at the deck. We used to roll more than this, he thought. Now she wouldn't roll any more—at least, not while he was on board. He felt restless because there was nothing for him to do. He wanted to go down to the boiler-rooms and watch the stokers flashing up before the ship went to sea. He longed to stand on the control platform as the turbines began to move and feel the ship throb as the screws turned in the water. In his imagination he pictured the engine-room staff stripped to the waist, their faces glistening with sweat as they went about their various jobs. He saw the flickering needles of the pressure dials and heard the sharp clang of the bell on the revolution telegraph as a speed order came down from the bridge. He remembered that time, so long ago now, when they had suddenly rung down full speed in the middle of the night. The ship was rolling heavily, but it had only taken him two minutes to get from his cabin to the engine-room. He saw again the great machinery leaping to renewed life as the control valves were eased open. Saw, too, the men clinging to any support which offered itself, as they toiled and sweated in the brilliant light. For ten minutes the engines had run at full power, the deck shuddering and shaking with the unaccustomed strain. And then they had heard a dull explosion and felt the ship heave upwards as the first depth charge was released. A young stoker had screamed and, laughing, he had gone over to him and explained that it was not a mine. He did not blame the boy. No one knew better than he that feeling of tension and grim expectancy which comes to the men who work down in the bowels of a ship. They can know nothing of what is going on above them. They merely have to go on with their job and wait. He was very proud of the men under him in this ship. It was his private boast that not once had they failed in an emergency of any kind. Now they would go their different ways, he supposed, and he would go his. Well, it had been a grand time. He would hate joining any other ship after this. He looked up and saw his napkin ring lying in its place in the rack above the serving hatch. I never imagined I could get sentimental about a destroyer in wartime, he thought, I must be getting soft in my old age. He shook his head and stood up to reach for the decanter.

The captain was letting his thoughts roam freely over the past year. He saw this ship when he first took command of her, a dirty, uncared-for vessel, left to eke out the remainder of her existence in the Reserve fleet. He saw the gradual transformation into an active man-o'-war—the refitting of the engines, the re-alignment of the guns, and then at last the day when she became a living thing again, with the arrival of her full crew. Once again he felt his heart swell with pride as he remembered that first sailing, with the new White Ensign fluttering in the stern and his own pennant streaming proudly from the masthead. The men who had worked on her for months past had cheered her that day and had sent him a message: "We know that you won't let us down!" He had read it aloud to the ship's company that evening. He smiled

Illustrated by Jack Matthew



FIVE minutes later they had heard the roar of the dive bombers coming out of the sun

and felt a lump in his throat. Well, they had let no one down. He saw another flag running up on the fore halyards—another ensign proud and defiant in the wind. That had been at the mouth of a Norwegian fjord a year ago—the Battle Ensign. When they left the fjord the ensign was still flying, but the ship had known her baptism of fire. He saw once again a signal lying on his desk in the sea cabin: "You are being shadowed, expect attack imminent."

He remembered walking up to the bridge and speaking to the first lieutenant and then, five minutes later, they had heard the roar of the dive bombers coming out of the sun. There had been twelve of them altogether—two were shot down. He had walked round the ship after the action, talking to the men. There had been a silent group beside the after gun. Peering over their shoulders, he had seen the young doctor bending down, a syringe in his hand. . . .

HE would never forget the weather-beaten face of the rescued merchant captain as he came up to the bridge to express his thanks

The paint on the guns had blistered and fallen away with the heat of firing. Once again he heard the staccato rattle of the machine guns and the steady relentless hammer strokes of the pom-pom thundering in his ears. His thoughts leapt a thousand miles of space and he saw the white piled-up foam being thrust aside by the bows as the destroyer raced at full speed through the vast grey waters of the Atlantic. Somewhere ahead of them were men in those waters, fighting for life, trying to resist the icy grip of the sea. Somewhere, too, lurked the U-boat which had sunk their ship. He would never forget that day. The first sight of floating wreckage, the exhausted survivors clinging to ropes, waiting their turn to be hauled to safety—the old weather-beaten face of the rescued merchant captain as he came up to the bridge to express his thanks. He could distinctly remember the expression of mingled joy and sadness in his eyes. Well, he knew now what it meant to lose a ship you loved. And then that moment of sudden excitement when the asdic operator had looked up and cried: "I think I've got her!" The chase that followed, with its moments of almost unbearable anxiety and its final triumphant conclusion, as the depth charges had done their work.

And now all those days were over. There would be others like them of course, but it could never be the same. He paused, with his glass in his hand, looking round the badly lit room. It was hard to believe that only yesterday men had stood a few feet away from where he now sat, passing up the endless chain of shells to the guns above them. Hard to believe that only yesterday the guns had fired for the last time. The ship had been towed into harbour and the admiral had personally congratulated him on his handling of the damaged vessel. She would be repaired, of course, in time, but he would not be there to take her to sea once more. He raised his glass in silent token of all that she had meant to him.

A signalman came into the wardroom and stood behind his chair. The captain took the message and held it up to the light.

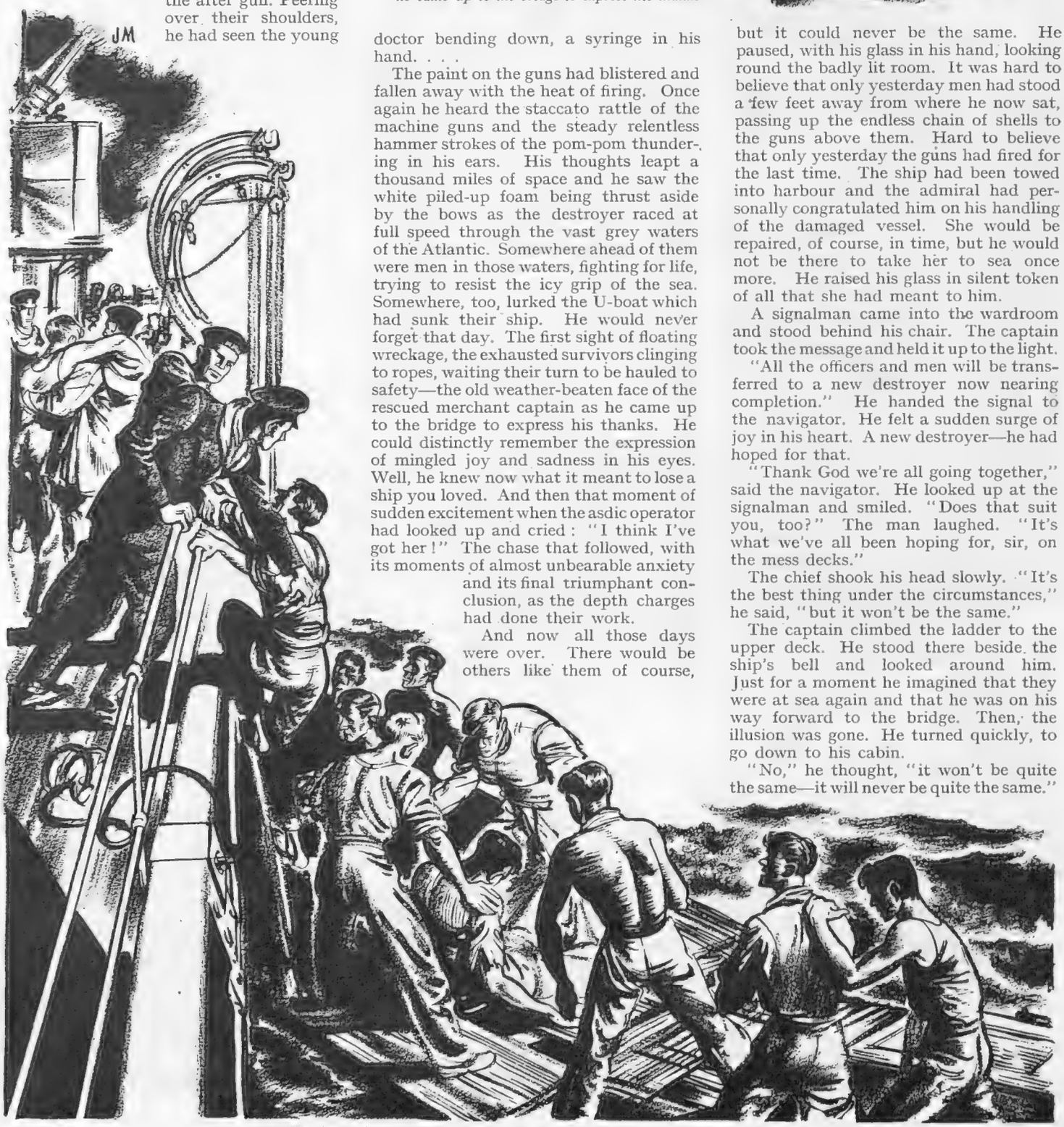
"All the officers and men will be transferred to a new destroyer now nearing completion." He handed the signal to the navigator. He felt a sudden surge of joy in his heart. A new destroyer—he had hoped for that.

"Thank God we're all going together," said the navigator. He looked up at the signalman and smiled. "Does that suit you, too?" The man laughed. "It's what we've all been hoping for, sir, on the mess decks."

The chief shook his head slowly. "It's the best thing under the circumstances," he said, "but it won't be the same."

The captain climbed the ladder to the upper deck. He stood there beside the ship's bell and looked around him. Just for a moment he imagined that they were at sea again and that he was on his way forward to the bridge. Then, the illusion was gone. He turned quickly, to go down to his cabin.

"No," he thought, "it won't be quite the same—it will never be quite the same."



THE exhausted survivors clinging to ropes waiting their turn to be hauled to safety

...So To Bed

"The feature of the house," is a description often given of a staircase. Certainly it is a feature which frequently strikes one on entering a house for the first time. Whether it is wide, dignified, with easy, shallow treads, or mean, steep and screwy, our eyes are drawn irresistibly to it. Perhaps the fact that night after night we wearily climb stairs (excepting, of course, the nights we spend under them!) to comfort and oblivion, gives the staircase—any staircase—importance in our sight.

Stone circular stairs leading to a rood-loft

Note the graceful curve of this staircase in the Regency style

UNTIL the sixteenth century stairs were nearly always of stone—occasionally of brick—and were of the corkscrew variety, winding round a central newel; for architecture had not reached the stage of connecting rooms by means of passages, and the stairs were always built in restricted space. We see them still in old castles, and sometimes in churches, leading to a rood loft, belfry or parvise. The knight's wife and daughters must have had a dark, cold journey to their "bower," lighted only by a rushlight. In the reigns of Henry VIII and Mary, stairs were often made of solid blocks of oak instead of stone.

In the "spacious days of great Elizabeth" the staircase became more spacious. Straight flights led up from the great hall, with wooden stairs, five or six feet wide, carved balusters, newel posts, panels and pendants. At this period also many houses had exterior stairs leading to galleries, on to which the bedrooms gave. Not many such are left, but there are still—or were until lately—one or two galleried inns. Pickwick lovers will remember the description of the yard at the White Hart, where Sam Weller's acquaintance is first made: "A double tier of bedroom galleries, with old clumsy balustrades, ran round two sides of the straggling area."

The simple Elizabethan staircase became much more elaborate in Stuart times, the newel posts often having heraldic animals, or crests as finials. A fine example of this period is at Knole Park, Kent. At that time the "well" type of staircase developed. The flights were made shorter, and more landings were introduced, so that the stairs surrounded a central space. Thus the hall was two storys high. The great architect of the period was Inigo Jones, who built the Queen's House at Greenwich. The staircase here is winding, with a graceful iron balustrade.

Georgian staircases were often built of lime—a very popular wood with carvers, and these staircases were frequently most elaborately carved. During this period and that of Queen Anne a flying staircase often led to the attic regions. During the Regency period, when so much fine building was done, particularly in London and Bath, the staircase took on a graceful curve; the massive balustrades of the preceding periods being replaced by light iron ones of good design.

The Victorian staircases are built more and more for utility only—a means to an end, rather than (*Continued on page* 65)

A modern staircase in the Georgian style

A short flight of stairs in an Elizabethan farmhouse

Intriguing little stair in background of hall

EVEN the Nazi officers chuckled and slapped their thighs when Petit Robert did his boxing exhibition with the circus giant

Little Robert

A story of the time-honoured magic of sawdust and spangles when Revenge and Heroism went hand in hand

By Stanley Jackson

IF you should chance to meet Little Robert, the famous midget, don't offer him a glass of milk. He will gladly join you in beer, cognac and even a pot of afternoon tea, but the mere mention of cow's milk is enough to cause him to rise to the full height of his thirty-odd inches, turn on his elegant heel and wither you with a glance that reaches right up to your lower waistcoat buttons. The Gestapo has much to do with his strange aversion for a wholesome and sustaining beverage, and milk is only one of the grudges that Little Robert holds against Mr. Himmler's squad of muscle men. . . .

It all started at the Salle Wagram in Paris though Little Robert didn't know it at the time. He was appearing with the celebrated Linz Circus and adding fresh laurels to an already great reputation. The show had been booked for a week, but the Parisians crowded the big top every night, forgetting all the worries of rationing, defeat and strutting German conquerors in the time-old magic of sawdust and spangles.

Perhaps there was a little hysteria in the shrieks of laughter that greeted the tumbling clowns and prancing elephants. Perhaps the horses looked a little skinnier and less sleek than in the old days when the troupe appeared before happy crowds in Prague, Berlin and Vienna. A sharp-eyed observer might have detected a very real note of hunger in the growlings of the famous Vecchi lions who had come down from mighty chops and steaks to such pickings as their trainer, Rudolfo, could find in the once-gay Paris. But the crowd had no sense of these shortcomings. For a brief hour or two men and women laughed and a new gleam lit up the sad tired eyes of the children.

Even the Nazi officers chuckled and slapped their thighs when Petit Robert did his boxing exhibition with the circus giant, jumping on his shoulder, tweaking his nose and bobbing like quicksilver out of harm's way when the big fellow hit out in mock fury. But what they liked most of all was his mock serenade of Nero, "the biggest lion in captivity." His act was perfect pantomime from the moment he took off his shiny silk hat and went down on one knee before the roaring beast. How they laughed as he pirouetted away from that angry paw! Only the circus people knew what this act cost him. Lions and tigers don't like children and this mischievous little figure in top hat and tails drove them mad whenever he passed the cages. Sometimes, he would go to his tent half dead with fright after Nero's paw had come uncomfortably close.

One night, after the show, he walked over to the Quartier Latin with Rudolfo. They made a strange couple and people turned to stare after them and nudge each other. But circus folk are used to the public's bad manners and the couple shrugged and said nothing. Little Robert hadn't bothered to change and looked immaculate in his well-cut evening clothes. He was very vain of his appearance and had dozens of pairs of shoes (which he bought at children's shops), several gaudy suits, all tailor-made, and a variety of hats.

As they crossed the Seine he fingered his upper lip, a gesture he always made when irritated. Like all midgets he had very little hair on his face, a perpetual source of annoyance to him as he would have given anything to be able to sport a moustache.

He looked up at Rudolfo, but the Austrian was very moody and strode on grimly, hunching his great shoulders and scowling at the dark waters of the river. Once or twice he looked back, but said nothing to his companion who was now trotting by his side to keep up with him.

"Alors," protested Little Robert in his squeaky voice. He was quite out of breath now and his heart was beating like a tom-tom.

The lion tamer stopped abruptly and a scrap of his old smile came back.

"Excusez moi, petit," he laughed, resting his hand on the midget's shoulder. "Let us have a drink."

"I want something to eat," muttered Little Robert, who was always hungry, but he followed his companion to a table overlooking the fountain in the Place Michel. He called a waiter who scratched his head, went inside and came out with a box. This Little Robert placed carefully on a chair, jumped up nimbly and was thus able to rest his elbow on the table.

They bribed the waiter to bring them two thimblefuls of cognac in coffee cups and Robert ostentatiously lit a cigar. It was such gestures as these that helped to compensate him for his lack of inches.

"Cheer up, my good fellow," he squeaked, drumming the table with his baby fingers.

Rudolfo glanced again at his wrist watch and tried to smile. "It is not easy, little one," he muttered, gulping down his drink.

Robert flashed him a look of sympathy but said nothing. Every one in the troupe knew that Rudolfo had never quite got over the shock of his wife's suicide in Vienna after she had been cross-examined by the Gestapo. Like thousands more, she had been put on the suspect list because of her non-Aryan blood.

Rudolfo lit a cigarette and dragged heavily upon it. He watched the smoke ring float upwards and put his finger through it.

"I still put flowers on her grave, nevertheless," he said thoughtfully.

Before Robert had a chance to ponder that strange remark there was a dull thud that seemed to rock the ground. A flame shot up into the sky and cut a vivid cone into the indigo. People looked at one another in terror.

"Le R.A.F.," someone murmured.

"Bon," muttered the waiter as he whisked away their glasses and cups.

"It must be another raid," said Little Robert.

"Perhaps," whispered Rudolfo, getting up. "We must go."

AS they re-crossed the river gendarmes were blowing whistles and German soldiers were stopping people to look at their papers. They managed to get through without producing theirs; Rudolfo was an Austrian and would be all right, of course, but the midget had Czech papers. The authorities had given the circus people carte blanche but Little Robert preferred not to undergo investigations. He had a peppery temper and might easily kick a Gestapo officer in the shins if hot words were to pass.

Joachim, the manager, was pacing up and down when they arrived at the hotel.

"Thank Heaven, you are here, my friends," he said, mopping a clammy brow. "Several bombs have exploded in the Hotel Rochefort, and the police are everywhere." He sank into an armchair, looking the essence of misery.

"Isn't that hotel the headquarters of the Gestapo?" queried Rudolfo.

"Exactly, mon ami," panted Joachim, "and that is why we are ruined. There will be a curfew in Paris and all entertainments stopped. Ach, and just as we are taking so much money——" He dabbed at his face with a large silk handkerchief.

The lion tamer lit another cigarette. "Do not worry, boss," he said cheerfully. "We could go south; to Lyons perhaps." He struck his knee with his fist. "C'est ça! Lyons, a lovely place and I have friends there! We could have somewhere to live and soon find a good camping ground for the show."

Joachim rushed over and kissed him heartily on both cheeks. "Yes, my dearest friend," he exclaimed, "You are right! We shall leave this terrible city. The Germans will surely give us a permit into unoccupied France." He began to walk up and down again, clasping his jewelled hands. "Yes, that is the solution."

Little Robert took a large cigar from his case and bit it thoughtfully. He didn't mind moving south; in fact, his circus life was one series of moves; but Rudolfo was a puzzle. Suddenly he recalled that strange remark about laying flowers on his wife's grave.

"We must drink," said Joachim and whisked a bottle out of a drawer.

Little Robert shrugged away his moody reflections. After all, a man who had lost his wife to the Gestapo and made his living out of teasing lions was entitled to be odd! He shuddered at the thought of Nero's jaws and gulped hastily at the wine.

"To Lyons," toasted Rudolfo with a truly Austrian flourish of his tumbler. . . .

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier

THEY bribed the waiter to bring them two thimblefuls of cognac in coffee cups and Robert ostentatiously lit a cigar

THEY walked through the crowded streets, jostling the wrecks of humanity who straggled out of the Canebière

GUSTAV LEIBMANN pushed away his plate of *bouillabaisse* and lit his pipe. The food was perfect but he lacked appetite. His forehead was creased with tension and his cold blue eyes looked sullen. Here he was, at twenty-nine, a captain in Himmler's most private corps of sabotage investigators and ruin stared grimly at him from the crumpled telegram on the table. He read it for the tenth time, and its import seemed to become plainer and more insistent each time. No doubt about it he must get results or go down; the Gestapo had no patience with failures. If he could not produce results there was no rosier prospect than being sent into the firing line on the Eastern Front. He shivered and pulled hard on his pipe. It had gone out and he stuffed a stray wisp of tobacco into the bowl with twitching fingers and applied another match.

To be beaten, here in Lyons, by some miserable bomb thrower was too galling! Everything had looked so bright back there in Paris. He had tracked down dozens of anti-Nazis and faked convincing cases against hundreds of prosperous Jews. A note of commendation had even been sent him from the Wilhelmstrasse only a brief month ago!

What angered him most was the smiling passivity of the local people. He had already learned that the farther south one went in France the more bland and easy-going people seemed to become. In Paris he had made some headway by bluffing and bullying, although there was still that troublesome business of the Hotel Rochefort on the books. Quite a number of high Gestapo officials had been blown sky-high that night; a terrible tragedy, but after all this was war and casualties meant quicker promotion.

Down here in Lyons people were very polite, perhaps rather too polite, as if there was a little tang of irony in the sunny air. He had kept his temper but it hadn't been easy. These Lyonnais just smiled and shrugged when he baited them with subtle little questions about that troop train that had been blown up on the line between Lyons and Dijon. Naturally, he had made a number of arrests just to keep the chief quiet in Paris, but he had a very nasty feeling that he would not be able to bluff it out very long.

Back at the hotel he found another telegram awaiting him. He quickly decoded it in his bedroom and then began to throw shirts and socks into his suitcase. This looked like the hand of fate, a superb opportunity to win glory after a bad spell of luck.

"Go to Marseilles at once. Sabotage attempt on *Guenther II*. Cuza is ready." The *Guenther II* was one of the newest pocket battleships, fully equipped to deal with Allied shipping off the African coast. Thank Heaven, it was only an "attempt," he thought gratefully. And it was nice to feel that Cuza, a capable agent, would be working with him in Marseilles.

At the last minute he decided to borrow an official car instead of travelling by train. After that Lyons-Dijon affair, he felt far happier going by road. Besides, he would be shut of that bothersome bomb outrage.

It did not take long to obtain full details of the new outrage in Marseilles. Several infernal machines had been found on the *Guenther II*, but, luckily, only one or two had exploded. It might take a month to make the battleship seaworthy but that was not serious. What worried the Gestapo was the effect that this act of sabotage might have upon the local population. So many of the sailors were anti-Vichy, and this kind of defiance might develop into an epidemic. A spectacular spy capture was essential.

Leibmann moved quickly but on routine lines. There was a thorough comb-out of aliens and possible anti-Nazis, and hundreds were removed to concentration camps. A gigantic reward was offered, but failed to produce more than a rich catch of red herrings. Four days after his arrival in the great seaport, Captain Leibmann was able to force a confession out of a drunken French sailor who was too full of dope and liquor to know what was happening. The Gestapo man had no illusions about this "success" but it would serve to keep his superiors sweet and help to throw the real culprits off their guard.

One evening he was sitting in a *bistro* off the Joliette with Cuza, a dark lean renegade Czech.

"Let us go somewhere to-night," suggested Cuza. "There is a good circus in the Vieux Port."

"Good," snapped Leibmann, reaching for his cap. Since his boyhood he had loved the circus and the change from routine might do him good.

They walked through the crowded streets, jostling the wrecks of humanity who straggled out of the Canebière, Arabs, Negroes, Corsicans, Frenchmen, Neapolitans. Sailors without ships, gloomy and desperate for drink and the dingy tramp life of the Ditch.

"This Linz Circus is excellent, Herr Kapitan," the Czech was saying in his broken German. "There is a midget who will make you weep with laughter."

Leibmann stopped in his tracks. "Linz?" he echoed.

Cuza nodded, but the German did not appear to notice. He was striding out now like a man who has remembered an errand.

"I saw that circus in Paris," he said thoughtfully, "and I can recall having seen posters advertising their show in Lyons." He stopped suddenly and put his hand on Cuza's shoulder.

"You go on to the circus, my friend," he said excitedly, "and try to find out all about the members of the troupe. Everything, you understand?"

The Czech nodded and shuffled away, pulling his coat collar up to his ears. He did not care to walk alone and unarmed in this quarter of Marseilles.

Back at the hotel Captain Leibmann sent off several telegrams in code. His hands began to twitch again and he poured himself (*Continued on page* 60)

LEIBMANN seized the microphone from Joachim's hand. "Nobody is to leave here," he shouted into it, speaking in careful French

On Duty—and Off

Anyone who indulges in careless illness this winter is doing almost as much damage to the war effort as those who indulge in careless talk, and creating far more trouble than the weak-minded who give way to wishful thinking. Statistics are not available, but if they were I think you would find that at least 75 per cent. of the general practitioner's visits during the winter months are to patients who are suffering from nothing more than careless illness brought on by dressing carelessly, eating carelessly, working carelessly and paying no attention to the first danger signals of illness. No matter how old or how young you are, every time you are ill you are either creating work for somebody else or else you are failing to do your own work, so that whether you are eight, eighteen or eighty it is up to you to keep fit.

By Jane Gordon

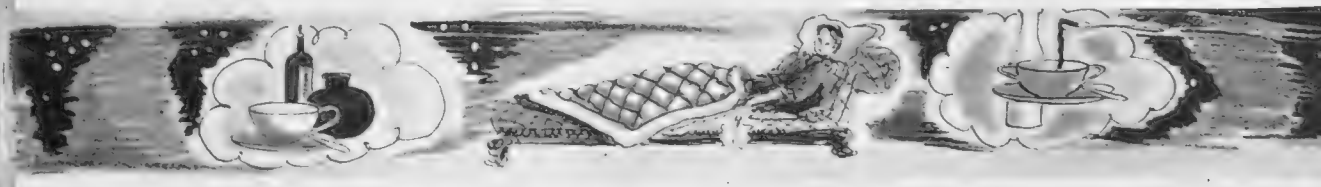
WHETHER you are growing up, grown up or past middle age, you are "on duty" in one way or another. If you are growing up you are learning the job you will do just as soon as you are old enough, and it is vitally important that you should be 100 per cent. fit for whichever job you choose. If you are grown up you are already working and it is your business to keep yourself fit, but if you are past middle age it is *you* who most need a talking to. I feel I know you well. You are my mother or my mother-in-law, my aunt or great-aunt, or Mrs. So-and-So whom I met the other day. Your sons fought in the last war and probably your husband did, too. Your grandsons are fighting now and maybe your sons also. You worked hard through the last war and you suffer from a horrible feeling of frustration. You think you are useless now because you are not working so hard in this war as you did in the last. In your heart you envy the women who are in uniform and you would gladly work until you dropped in your tracks. You refuse to admit your value even to yourself, and to compensate for this sense of frustration you make life extra tough for yourself; you are a little careless about your health and make unnecessary sacrifices.

Stop thinking about other people and think about yourself for a change. If you face facts squarely you will realise that you mean more to your family now than you ever did during that peaceful interval between the last war and this. You cannot join the Services and you cannot work in a factory, but you can provide a home for your children and your grandchildren. Now that people can no longer travel they have come to depend on letters more than ever before. I have known of tough young girls bursting into tears because they have had no letters during their first few weeks in the W.A.A.F.'s and A.T.S., and men at sea and those in the Middle East value letters from home more than anything else.

ON DUTY

I hope you will not think I am impertinent if I give you a little advice about Sunday church. Of course you like to go to church on Sunday, and you feel it your duty to do so. You will go, rain or shine, and on a cold winter's day you may get cold and wet going to church and by the time you have come home you are well on the way to a chill, bronchitis or a cold in your head. When your family try to stop you, you tell them that this is a matter between you and your conscience, which, of course, is perfectly true. You do know, however, that every Sunday a church service is brought to you in your own home by the wireless, and I cannot help thinking that it is more patriotic and unselfish to take advantage of this during really bad weather than to get ill through going to church.

Don't be unselfish with your rations; you need them just as much as anyone else. Try a good morning drink of Oxo or Bovril with a coffeespoonful of Worcester Sauce stirred into it, and the best goodnight drink is made by stirring a tablespoonful of black treacle into a cup of very hot milk. Drink a glassful of water half an hour before each meal and take an hour's rest after luncheon, and last but not least, for goodness' sake remember that you are worth twice as much as your daughters and granddaughters.



THE manicurist was busy tidying up my nails. She glanced at my starched white uniform cuff and then, through the noise of the dryer on my head, I heard her say: "Would you mind if I asked you a question?"

"Not a bit, only wait till I duck out from under this thing, because I can't hear you very well."

"I know you nurse children," she said, "and I wonder if you can tell me how I could get my little boy to take halibut or cod liver oil capsules without a scene this winter."

OFF DUTY

She looked so worried as she went on to confide to me that he is seven years old and inclined to be a little chesty in the winter. Although he is very good on the whole, he is faddy over his food, and she has quite a time persuading him to eat the things which are good for him. Feeding children is not as easy as it used to be, and being at work all day makes it even harder.

As far as the halibut oil goes, the easiest thing for her to do would be to save the capsules for herself and buy the bottled oil for her little boy. In these days halibut or cod liver oil is so concentrated that the dose consists of a few drops only, which can easily be mixed in with a child's cereal or jam. I suggested that she should give it to him this way and say nothing about it. Then if he complained of the taste, she can easily give him the capsules.

The way to interest any small boy in food and concentrated vitamins is to explain to him that airmen, seamen and Commandos have to eat special foods to keep them fighting fit. My manicurist told me that she had sold her little boy the idea of carrots by telling him about night fighters.

Back again under the dryer, I began to think of the hundreds of times this winter I have heard mothers complaining about their children's loss of appetite. Almost invariably the child is an only child and the mother a worried woman. A little common-sense psychology applied to this problem would save endless scenes between only children and their ever-loving mothers. For instance, when a number of children eat together, fads and fancies are usually non-existent; or, if they do exist, no one is particularly interested. Sooner or later the child will be hungry and eat what is served without complaint. (*Continued on page 63*)

As

1127

Henry the First invited the King of Scots to Windsor for Christmas. The plan miscarried, for the festivities were marred by a jealous brawl which broke out between the political antagonists, Archbishop Thurstan of York and de Corbeuil of Canterbury.

The incident arose on Christmas morning, when the party was about to set out for church. The dispute ended with the partisans of Canterbury throwing the followers of Thurstan out into the snow, "thereby causing such strife between the heads of the Church that they set off to Rome to lay their grievances before the Pope."

1942

The Archbishops of Canterbury and of York are still a powerful influence in the affairs of the land, but with the difference that the political antagonism which led to such regrettable consequences in the year 1127 are replaced by a collaboration, both spiritual and political, which aims to establish the Church of England as the prime instigator of a new order in our national affairs.

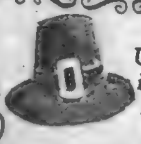
The voices of the two great Church leaders, once so antagonistic, are raised in appeal for the re-establishment of the Church as the spiritual head of a system based upon social justice, the liquidation of Church property and the equitable distribution of privilege.

1170

During the Christmas festivities of 1170 Thomas Becket was murdered in the Cathedral of Canterbury.

He brought a new hope to the English people in the dark days of the Norman Conquest. He was the first Englishman after that event to win high office in the State, and he set himself, against formidable opposition, to defend the rights of the Church and people from the tyranny of a Norman King. He was a shield for the people against the oppression of the foreign usurpers, and for this he died.

1642



Under the reactionary influence of the long-faced Puritans, an Order of Parliament was made directing that "no observance shall be had of the five-and-twentieth day of December, commonly called Christmas Day, nor any solemnity used or exercised in churches."

From a small gazette published at this time comes the following: "The House spent much time this day about the business of the Navy, and were presented with a terrible remonstrance against Christmas in consequence of which Parliament spent some time in consultation about the abolition of the same."

1942

Thomas Becket was murdered as the penalty of his great struggle in the cause of freedom, and for his refusal to accept the doctrine that the clergy should be subordinate to the State.

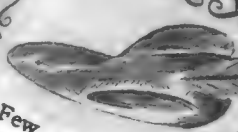
His martyrdom finds a continuous echo in Europe to-day, where brave men of the Church and of the laity, both in Germany and in her conquered territories, are suffering the sacrifice of personal life and liberty in passionate opposition to a conquering regime which seeks to impose many of the conditions which Becket resisted in his day. In 1170, Becket met a violent end, but his influence survived, as the influence of the martyrs of to-day must also do.

1942

The stern days of the 1640's are reflected in our own times by the call for austerity, though for a different reason.

The Puritans looked upon the Holy Festival of Christ as "papist mummery," and regarded all pleasure with distaste. Their philosophy was grim, but their idealism was profound, and they set an example of single-mindedness and self-sacrifice worthy of respect to-day, when the need for austerity is so closely bound up in the realisation of our ideals.

1247



Robin Hood, who flourished in the distracted reign of Henry the Third, is said to have died on Christmas Eve of the year 1247.

Few authentic details of his adventurous life are available, but the philosophy of this great outlaw is legendary, and the spirit of chivalry which he exemplified has passed into history.

"He suffered none to be oppressed . . . poor men's goods he spared, abundantly relieving them with that which by theft he took from the Abbeys and the rich old Earls. . . ."

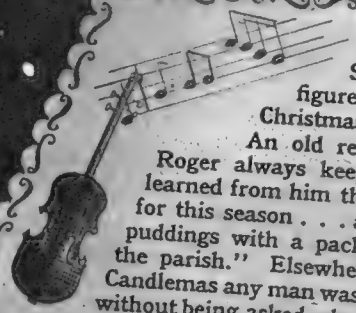
Hood was a gay adventurer. The good in his philosophy has outlived the bad. In his own way, he pledged himself against injustice and oppression.

1942

The spirit of Robin Hood still flourishes, and the men and the women of this country have adopted his philosophy that "none shall be oppressed" as their own. Every man and woman who toils for the cause of victory to-day perpetuates that spirit of combat against oppression which was his. Every sacrifice that is made perpetuates the courage, even the recklessness, which in ourselves is inspired by ideals strangely similar to his own.

We do not thieve and plunder to attain our objectives to-day; but to give freely of what is our own—of our money, of our energies, as well as of our faith in individual effort—is to express the spirit which Robin Hood has made immortal.

You Were



1703

Sir Roger de Coverley is an historical figure of hospitality in the annals of Christmas.

An old record of 1703 tells us that "Sir Roger always keeps open house at Christmas, I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season . . . and had sent a string of hogs' puddings with a pack of cards to every family in the parish." Elsewhere it records that "during Candlemas any man was permitted to stay three days without being asked who he was or from whence he came."

1942

The practical difficulties of eighteenth-century hospitality in 1942 might be beyond the understanding of Sir Roger de Coverley. In these austere times, it is not so much the splendour of Sir Roger's hospitality that we should envy, as the warmth of his understanding.

This legendary figure gives us a nostalgic picture of liberality and a mouth-watering glimpse of food that has no connection with rationing, but the spirit of friendliness so liberally interpreted by this master of hospitality is as suitable to-day and, in view of our many foreign visitors, perhaps more so, than in the days of English plenty.

753

Christmas signifies Christ's Mass, meaning the festival of the Nativity of Christ. There is no real agreement, however, about the actual date of the birth of the Saviour.

The year 753 has been generally accepted as the date of the Nativity, but the best authorities are now agreed that this date is inaccurate, and stipulate some five years earlier as the time when Mary of Nazareth gave birth to the man-child who was to lead the world.

1942

The date of the Saviour's birth may be in doubt, but there is no disputing the fact that the occasion gave a light to the world that the centuries have only served to make more illuminating.

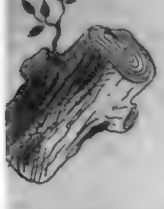
At this moment in history, when discussion turns so widely upon the subject of New Orders when men and women of different faiths feel the stimulus of great events and the stir of new ideals, the simple ethics of Christ's teaching emerge afresh, undimmed by time, providing the background of a system unassailable in its perfection—a system based upon charity, hope and the equality of men.

1942

A yule-log to warm us in Christmas 1942 is a practical thought. With the need to economise fuel, it becomes more and more desirable. There are yule-logs in plenty in the hedgerows and fields.

Your modern fireplace may protest at half a tree, but a wood-gathering expedition by the family will keep up the old tradition and stimulate the coal-saving campaign.

Oak logs, when you can get them, burn long and well. Beech-wood burns brightly and has an agreeable scent. Holly wood and the stumps of gorse-bushes that have been cleared for the plough are fine substitutes for the traditional log



1542

According to ancient custom, the yule-log is a great log of wood, or the part of a tree which was brought into the house with great ceremony and rejoicing on Christmas Eve. This was laid in the open fireplace. It was important that the fire should be kindled with the brand of last year's yule-log.

While the log burned, there was great drinking, singing and telling of yarns by the light of the great blaze. Christmas candles were sometimes used, but all other lights were extinguished. The log was supposed to burn all through Christmas night, and, in fact, it was thought a bad omen for the household if it expired before the morning broke.

C-M

The Children are Learning

In the earliest stages of the war, it was to the children that our thoughts went in greatest anxiety. Yet, as it appears now, there are certain aspects of a wartime regime which are working for their good.

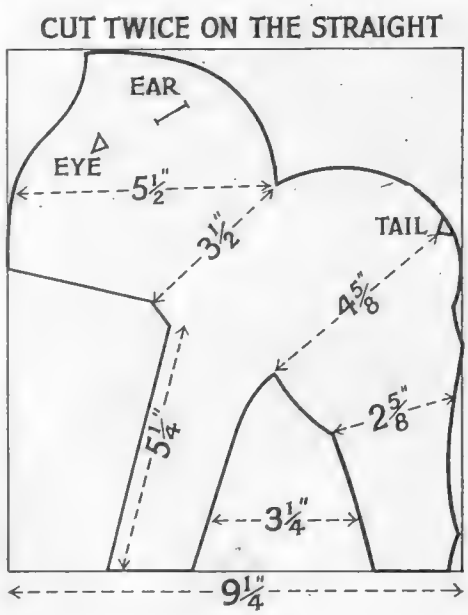
Parental love, and the softer side of home life, cannot be discounted, but separation, both whole and part time, has brought new poise to children. Mothers engaged upon war work are finding their older children more helpful and more understanding. Wider contact with strangers is giving them confidence and fitting them early in life for those adjustments to human relationships which normally are a problem of adolescence.

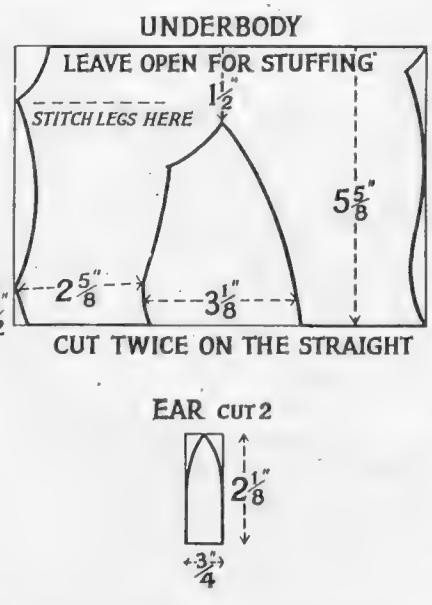
The soft days of peace were bringing ourselves and our children to a state bordering upon ennui. For the children, too many toys, too much entertainment, rich food and easy living were building helpless, self-centred and blasé little human beings.

To-day, like ourselves, they live more simply. If they miss the toys and the entertainments and the cream buns, they gain a new and more realistic sense of proportion. With their new self-reliance comes a sharpened sense of values and a new capacity for pleasure in simpler things.

The children of this war are nearer to realities—sometimes grim realities—but in the final balance they show promise of becoming better and happier citizens.

Home-made Toys For



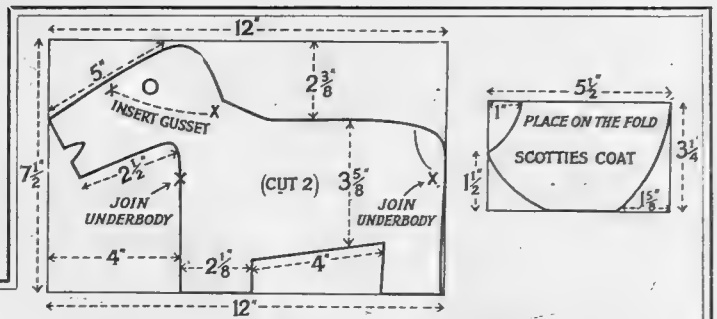


Comic Horse. Materials required : ½ yard of spotted material. A half-skein of silk raffia. Turnings allowed on all designs.

Making : Draw the outline from the diagram and cut a paper pattern. Cut the material. Embroider the eyes. Attach the underbody as shown, and join seams on the wrong side, leaving a slit at the top of the underbody for filling. Stuff tightly, legs first, then head. Fill body last. Fold in open seam and oversew neatly. Attach the ears. Work the mane with strands of raffia, threading loops through the neck. Work loops for the tail. Cut through. Attach and bind round with wool at the base to make the tail stand up.

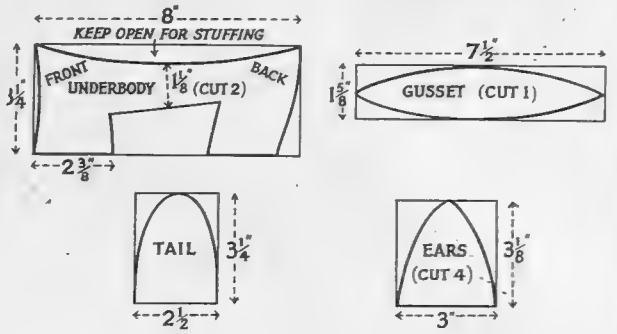
Christmas

EVERYONE IS MAKING TOYS. NOAH NEVER SAW SO MANY ANIMALS AS ARE COMING OUT OF SCRAP-BAGS IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD FOR CHRISTMAS. THE DIAGRAMS GIVEN FOR THE FOUR ANIMALS SHOWN ARE EASY TO FOLLOW. IF YOU CANNOT DRAW, CALL IN THE FAMILY ARTIST TO MAKE OUTLINES FROM THE MEASUREMENTS GIVEN.



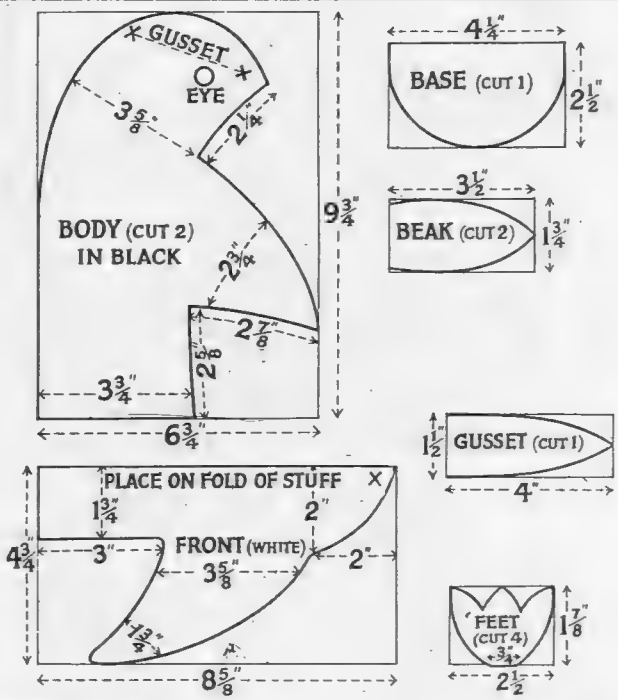
The Scottie. Materials required: Length of tweed or astrakhan fabric. Two yards unbleached cotton-wool. Tartan for coat. Buttons for eyes and wool for whiskers.

Cut paper pattern. Insert the gusset from X to X. Embroider the nose with black and sew in the eyes. Attach the underbody to sides. Join all the seams on the wrong side, except the top of underbody and feet. Turn right side out and stuff the head and body, then the feet. Fold in and oversew seams. Fix ears and tail. Fringe face with double strands of wool knotted through as you do for fringes. Make tufts in ears and for eyebrows. Add small red tongue and tartan coat.



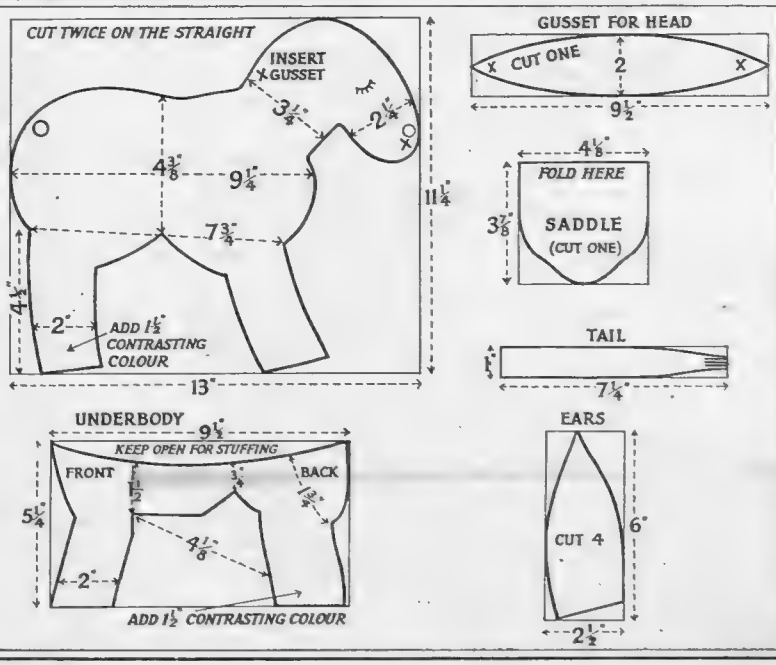
The Penguin. Materials required: Some pieces of black and white American cloth for body. Two yellow buttons. Small pieces of yellow felt for nose and feet. One yard of unbleached cotton-wool for filling.

Make the paper pattern. Cut out the back first, in black, then the front and base, which are white. Next insert the head gusset between the two points marked X to X on the diagram. Neatly oversew the black body down centre-back. Next, attach the white front, and stuff the nose before inserting it between the black and the white cloth. When you begin to stuff the body, pack the wool very tightly, leaving the double wings unstuffed. Next, stuff the yellow feet, sew them on neatly and firmly, and fix into position as you did the nose.



The Donkey. Materials required: Any odd length of grey material. Two yards of unbleached cotton-wool for filling. Wool or fringe for the tail and mane. Some scraps of black material for hoofs, and buttons for the eyes.

Make outline of donkey on paper. Cut out before sewing up any of the seams. Embroider the eyelashes and nose with black silk. Next insert the head gusset from the points X to X as indicated on the diagram. Now join the black material for the hoofs to the bottom edges of the legs and the underbody. Attach the underbody at the places marked on the pattern. Join the other seams on the wrong side of the material. Remember to leave an opening at the top of the underbody for filling. Stuff the legs, then the head and body. Push in the filling very tightly before joining the seams.



Cook's

SINCE MOST OF US KNOW HOW TO COOK OUR IDEA ABOUT A WARTIME CHRISTMAS PUDDING, SOME OF THE INTERESTING DISHES OUR ALLIES WOULD BE A GRACEFUL GESTURE TO SERVE AMONG YOUR CHRISTMAS GUESTS. SOME OF THE LIMITATIONS OF RATIONING, BUT YOU

Greek Casserole of Pork with Celery

Americans traditionally eat turkey on Thanksgiving Day, with roast goose or duck for Christmas.

Where they differ from us is in the "dressing" (stuffing to you). So in case you can get in a goose or duck for Christmas, you may like to try one of these—

FRUIT DRESSING (GOOSE)

2 cups apples (peeled and chopped) ;
2 cups prunes (cooked, stoned and chopped) ;
3 cups breadcrumbs ;
Cold water to moisten ;
Salt and pepper.

Mix prunes and apples and blend with the breadcrumbs. Add salt and pepper, and enough cold water to moisten. Stuff goose with mixture.

RAISIN-AND-APPLE DRESSING (DUCK)

2 cups raisins, sultanas or currants ;
2 cups apples (peeled and chopped) ;
Salt and pepper ;
3 cups breadcrumbs ;
½ teaspoonful cinnamon ;
Cold water to moisten.

Mix fruit and blend with crumbs. Add salt, pepper, cinnamon and moisten with water. A variation is to use 1½ cups raisins and ½ cup chopped walnuts.

A jellied cranberry salad is a typical American accompaniment to the Christmas bird, but having no jellies and probably no cranberries either, we can make do with another typically American salad—

WALDORF SALAD

1 cup diced apple ;
1 cup chopped celery ;
½ cup chopped nuts ;
Salad dressing ;
Lettuce.

Mix apple and celery and moisten with dressing. Put lettuce leaves on individual plates, pile apple-and-celery mixture on each, and scatter nuts over. Choose rosy apples and do not pare them.

American Waldorf Salad

GREEK CASSEROLE OF PORK WITH CELERY

1 lb. lean pork ;
1 large or 2 small heads of celery ;
2 or 3 tomatoes, or tomato puree ;
2 onions ;
2 ozs. fat ;
Salt and pepper.
(If you have no tomatoes, use 1 Oxo cube.)

Wash and cut the celery in pieces about 4 ins. long. Boil 5 minutes in a little water. Cut up the meat small, and put in a casserole or saucepan with the fat and the onions (chopped). Fry 5 minutes.

Add salt, pepper, and tomatoes, and fry 4 minutes more. Then add celery water or other stock to cover the meat and simmer for 40 minutes. Put in the celery, and continue cooking for another 30 minutes, or until meat is done.

Russians celebrate Easter more than Christmas. But at Christmas the children have their trees and the grown-ups give parties. And a Russian woman told me that no party of hers would be complete without—

BUDDEBROD

These are small, open sandwiches, just a mouthful each. The bread is spread and cut in rounds or triangles. On them are put a variety of combined titbits. No caviare this time, but just as characteristic is salted fish—say chopped salted herring with the chopped green part of spring onion or onion sprouting. A little chopped pork or poultry with *Sauerkraut*. Left-over tinned salmon with salted cucumber. An anchovy curled round an olive (if you happen to have kept either of these things in your store-cupboard).

For a hot dish at a buffet supper there are—

BLINIS

The old Russian recipe for this characteristic dish contained yeast, buckwheat and three eggs. To-day we must make do with a wartime pancake mixture (1 reconstituted dried egg, 4 ozs. flour, ½ pint household milk, salt). Drop in small spoonfuls on a hot, greased pan on hotplate to make miniature pancakes.

Xmas Tour of Allied Kitchens

PORK OR BEEF OR BIRD A L'ANGLAIS AND HAVE A FAIR IT MIGHT BE MORE ENTERPRISING TO TAKE A LOOK AT REMEMBER EATING IN HAPPIER DAYS. OBVIOUSLY, IT ONE OF THESE DISHES IF YOU HAVE A FOREIGNER THE RECIPES HAVE HAD TO BE MODIFIED TO SUIT WILL FIND THEM PRETTY GOOD JUST THE SAME.

Russian Buddebrod

Again use a variety of salt fish, minced meat, pickled cucumber and other tasty fillings. Spread quickly on the hot *blini*, on which you have put a little margarine, and make a sandwich by putting another hot *blini* on top. If you can use a little sour cream (top milk) to moisten the filling, so much the better.

Here is another hearty dish for Christmas guests, this time from Holland—

DUTCH PEA SOUP

1 pint green split peas ;
2 quarts water ;
A few leeks ;
1 head celery ;
Salt and pepper ;
1 pig's trotter or boiling pork (cheap cut) ;
½ lb. sausages.

Wash peas and soak overnight. Put on to cook with meat and water. Cut up celery (leaves included) and leeks (with green parts) and add. Simmer for several hours until peas are done. Add salt and pepper to taste and boil till it thickens. Add the sausages, and boil for another half-hour.

This soup is served with fingers of toasted bread.

POLISH STUFFING FOR TURKEY

2 or 3 rolls of bread ;
Turkey's liver ;
1 tablespoonful margarine ;
1 handful raisins or other dried fruit ;
Milk or water ;
Half an onion ;
1 dried egg (reconstituted) ;
Salt and pepper.

Soak rolls in water or milk, and squeeze out liquid. Chop the liver finely and fry lightly in margarine with the onion, sliced. Add to the bread with raisins and seasoning, and mix in the egg thoroughly. When well blended, stuff the turkey's crop and sew up.

APPLE POLONAISE

¼ lb. boiled mashed potatoes ;
¼ lb. flour ;
2 large cooking apples ;
Salt ;
¼ lb. margarine ;
3 tablespoonfuls sugar ;
Lemon essence ;
Raisins or other dried fruit (if available).

Peel and slice the apples, sprinkle with sugar and set aside for 1 hour. Knead potatoes, flour and margarine with 1 tablespoonful sugar and salt, and roll out thinly. Put a layer in a cake tin. Add apple slices and a few raisins. Sprinkle with a little lemon essence and cover with another layer of paste. Bake till light gold in a medium oven (about 30 minutes).

FOO YUNG YOOK

This Chinese recipe—in English, Minced Pork Omelette—will come in useful during Christmas week if you have a joint of pork instead of a turkey. Minced chicken or other poultry can be substituted, in which case the addition of ½ oz. chopped mushrooms, cooked along with the onions, is a pleasant if extravagant addition.

4 ozs. minced pork ;
4 dried eggs (reconstituted) ;
A little oil or lard for frying ;
1 oz. chopped onion ;
Dash of soya bean sauce (optional) ;
Pepper and salt.

Make oil or lard very hot and cook the onion for a minute. Add the minced pork and cook 3 or 4 minutes more, without browning. Beat up the eggs with salt and pepper and the soya sauce, and pour into the pan. Cook in the usual way, shaking the pan to prevent from sticking.

Harriet Muir

CHRISTMAS WEEK-END MENUS.

THURSDAY

Breakfast :
Potato Fritters (1)

Lunch :
Haricot Bean and Sausage Salad (2)
Hot Potato Floddies with Cheese

Dinner :
Stuffed Fish in Casserole
Mashed Swedes and Potatoes
Steamed Canary Pudding (3)

FRIDAY

Breakfast :
Fishcakes with Apple-Rings

Lunch :
Spanish Omelette
Sauté Potatoes
Mince Pies

Dinner :
Watercress Soup
Roast Goose with Celery or Sage-and-Onion Stuffing and Apple Sauce
Brussels Sprouts Roast Potatoes
Christmas Pudding
with Custard Sauce

SATURDAY

Breakfast :
Stewed Prunes
Potato Cakes with a little Bacon (4)

Lunch :
Artichoke Savoury with Cheese Sauce
Fried Christmas Pudding

Dinner :
Savoury Goose Hash (5)
With Apple Sauce
Stewed Celery Pink Potatoes (6)
Plum Pie (7)

SUNDAY

Breakfast :
Kippers
Potato Scones

Lunch :
Goose Scallops (8)
Winter Salad
Toasted Cheese and Raw Celery

Dinner :
Giblet Pie (9)
Hot Red Cabbage Mashed Potatoes
Prune Jelly Mince Pies

MONDAY

Breakfast :
Haricot-Bean Rissoles
(made previous day)

Lunch :
Mixed Vegetable Curry
(using all left-over vegetables)
Jacket Potatoes
Minced Goose-Liver Canapés

Dinner :
Artichoke Soup
Stuffed Breast of Lamb
(pot-roasted)
Spinach Roast Potatoes

(Recipes not annotated can be found in most good cookery books and in the Ministry of Food's published hints.)

(1) Mix 2 ozs. cooked potato, 2 ozs. flour, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Beat in one reconstituted dried egg and ¼ pint milk and water. Mix in a little chopped bacon if you have it. Drop this fairly thick batter in spoonfuls into very hot bacon fat and fry both sides. (2) Marinaded, left-over cooked beans mixed with cooked sliced sausage and shredded onion, served on bed of shredded raw cabbage. (3) Made with custard powder (6 ozs. self-raising flour, 2 ozs. custard powder, 2 ozs. sugar, ½ teaspoonful baking powder, pinch of salt, milk for mixing, 3 ozs. margarine), and served with golden syrup. (4) To ½ lb. mashed potato add 1 oz. melted margarine, 1 teaspoon of salt and enough flour to make pliable paste. Roll out, cut in triangles and bake on hot, dry griddle or fry with bacon. (5) Remains of goose, stewed with onion, mushrooms, spices and stock. (6) Mashed potatoes coloured pink with raw, grated carrot. (7) Made with bottled plums and baked in oven the previous day with goose; to-day, heated in baking-tin of water on top of stove. (8) Remains of hash with sage and onion and breadcrumbs, cooked in scallop shells. (9) Made with goose giblets and 1 lb. steak; cooked in oven (if there is room) with goose on Christmas Day and now reheated.

Décor for This Christmas

Simplicity is the theme to-day, yet there is need to maintain the festive colouring of this season, not only in the interests of our own good spirits, but for those, our visitors, who are seeing an English Christmas for the first time.

It calls for some thought to devise a Christmas décor with decorum. How can we provide the trimmings and not waste either precious time or even more precious materials?

The suggestions on this page are simple in idea, inexpensive and quick in execution.

1. Simple setting for the Christmas tea with Father Christmas, left over from past years, as a centre-piece. Crackers and tiny baskets for sweets made of flower wire, coloured paper and sprays of holly to complete the decoration.

2. Flowers are hard to come by, but large evergreen sprays make a vivid decoration, with the leaves painted scarlet, silver, gold, or some colour to fit your background. Use unpainted sprays among the coloured ones for effective contrast.

3. Topical centre-piece. A very realistic barrage balloon made in silver American cloth or oiled silk. It could be copied in any odd piece of material. The guy-ropes are tinsel, and the sandbags hold little gifts for guests. Stuff with cotton wool.

4. Dried peas coloured red in melted sealing-wax have been dropped while hot on to ivy leaves, which are fastened to a length of scarlet ribbon. This makes an unusual and colourful trail for the corners or for the centre of the Christmas table.

5. Tiny branches of holly or fir-tree are here set into sand-filled cartons or fish-paste jars painted red and green inside.

BOOKS: *Reviewed by Noel Thompson*

IF you are not interested in war books you can skip the first three books on my list this month. But I think you will be foolish if you do so. Not only are they full of interest, but they deal with widely separated fronts and have been treated very differently.

In "Signed With Their Honour" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) James Aldridge weaves into novel form his experiences in Libya, Greece and Crete. I think the background swamps the story, or the story is too light. Nevertheless there is a mass of good stuff here. Dog fights and flying excitements abound with the old Gladiator living up to its name and the gallant pilots saluting death every time they climbed into the cockpit.

There are some bitter criticisms of administration and a mass of good descriptive matter which has the untold advantage of being first-hand and eye-witness and told in simple thrilling style which needs no flourishes.

In contrast Harry W. Flannery turns his "Assignment to Berlin" (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) into the logical sequel to Shirer's "Berlin Diary" since he took over Shirer's job as broadcaster for the Columbia Company in the Berlin capital. He was at work until October, 1941, when censorship and ill-will made broadcasting almost an impossibility. Flannery starts writing like a very young man, but as the book proceeds it gives a grand picture of life in Germany, of German methods, of some of the leading Nazis and of some of his own difficulties. Especially interesting are talks with Schmelling, after Crete, and with P. G. Wodehouse, the latter of which clears up the position about his broadcasts once and for all and shows him as just a very unthinking man and easy meat for the Nazis. Although it is detailed, this book is never dull.

"Retreat in the East" (Harrap, 8s. 6d.) is *Daily Express* reporter O. D. Gallagher's version and view of Singapore and Burma. It contains, too, an expanded version of his graphic cable describing his experiences aboard the *Repulse* when she went down with the *Prince of Wales* under the Japanese bombing and torpedoing attacks off Malaya. This is straight and brilliant reporting work.

Of Singapore, its big business men, its criminal lack of preparedness and its parties while the Japs prepared, you must read a still expurgated version and feel your blood boil. Burma makes a not much prettier picture, but the R.A.F. and the American Volunteer Group provide a great story of battles against odds. Up to June, 1942, the Americans had brought down 284 Jap planes for the loss of fifteen of their own—an amazing record of courage and skill to which Gallagher does credit.

Death and Tomorrow—and Tomorrow

PETER DE POLNAY has written some clever and satirical novels. Satire is absent in his latest book, **"Death and Tomorrow"** (Secker and Warburg, 12s. 6d.), for he has too many facts to tell about his experiences in Occupied and Unoccupied France from the time of the invasion up to the summer of 1941.

Hungarian by birth, English by education and sympathy, and French in his love of France, he tells the whole story as he saw it of the ordinary people of Paris and their reactions to invasion; of the German methods and attempts to win the populace; of his meetings with more than 1,000 individual Germans at various times and of the swing over by the French from hate of Britain to sympathy at the time of the "blitz" on Britain.

He eventually escapes to Marseilles only to spend months in foul prisons. This is a less important though no less interesting part of his book. Every one in prison was pro-British!

After heart-breaking adventures the author reaches England, and so we get this book. It is not propaganda, though it is encouraging. Those who want to understand France and to study the Germans should read it. Furthermore it is thorough entertainment.

OUTSTANDING in the fiction this month is Frank Swinnerton's "Thankless Child" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.), which I enjoyed much more than his recent "Fortunate Lady." This is a story of Kentish Town, redolent of the smell of oil-cloth and boiling cabbage. Frankie is the consciously attractive only daughter of Mordred, repressed, devoted, devouring, bibulous father who, nevertheless, draws your sympathy at times. His fidus Achates, Scobie, the tittering old charity organiser is a great character and there are a host of outstanding minor characters. If I tried to tell you the plot or scheme of the book in a few phrases I should fail to make it sound one-tenth as good or interesting as it is. This child, at any rate, is thankful to Mr. Swinnerton.

Taffy, whose real name is Dorothea, is the "Gift from God" (Cassell, 9s. 6d.) in Horace Annesley Vachell's book of that name. Her parents are poles apart from the father Mr. Swinnerton imagines; they are dilettante Victorians so much in love with one another that their daughter is left out of it and has to find her own world in the charming country vicarage nearby and eventually in the hospitals and nursing homes of the last war. Her problem is to know whether she should marry her first lover, her boyhood's friend, or the suitable careerist whom she later loves. The problem is solved for her when her father and mother suddenly crack up and she has to nurse them. This is a calm and peaceful book to read in wartime.

Ethel Mannin takes the agricultural poor of England and Southern Ireland during the first thirty years of the nineteenth century as the background for her

(*Continued on page* 56)

Trademarking the Stars

Tags which have helped them to Fame and Fortune

By Margaret Chute

FROM Charlie Chaplin's famous little moustache, enormous shoes, and perky swagger cane to Dorothy Lamour's celebrated sarong, every star who amounts to anything has a trademark. In most cases no name is needed when a photograph of a star is shown. The well-known trademark does all that is necessary.

'Way back in the good old days of silent pictures it was Gloria Swanson's tip-tilted nose—nearly always photographed sideways—plus one of Mr. Cecil B. de Mille's exotic bath tubs, that put Miss Swanson up into the high-bracket salaries. There was also a little lady called Colleen Moore; her trademark consisted of the type of hair-cut known as a Dutch bob. This was just a very straight fringe, backed by long straight hair without a vestige of a wave in sight, falling to shoulder length.

Earlier this year I spent many happy hours with Colleen Moore, in the luxurious Chicago Penthouse that is now her home. Gone is the Dutch bob; in its place, slightly wavy brown hair is parted in the middle and drawn back to a knot in the nape of her neck. We talked about the way stars must be trademarked, if they want to hit the jack pot and step into the real dough. Colleen told me she thought one of the cleverest examples of stamping a star in such a way that the public simply must take notice was the campaign which labelled Greta Garbo, for all time, as "The Silent Swede." To this was added, as another stroke of genius, the catch phrase: "I want to be *alone*!" And Garbo was in—thanks to the skill of a press agent.

In circle. Hedy Lamarr, whose simple centre-parting of her black hair became a trademark that others have copied. (Reading left to right) Monty Woolley, known as "The Beard"—which is real—and is his trademark. Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante. His very large nose has been his fortune. Clark Gable showing the two dimples that did so much to make film fans like him. (Right) Ann Sheridan, the "Oomph Girl" of the screen. This trademark first won fame for this lovely star but now she has proved that she is a fine actress as well as a beautiful woman

Since it has been realised that a trademark is of such vital importance to any star, studios have set about manufacturing trademarks for those stars who have been overlooked by a kind Fairy Godmother, in the first place. The case of Dorothy Lamour and her sarong is one instance of what a trademark can do.

Dotty, lovely and clever, came to Hollywood from a career that found her running an elevator in a big Chicago store, and singing Blues songs in night clubs. Samuel Goldwyn was the shrewd showman who first introduced Miss Lamour to the screen. She appeared opposite Jon Hall—another newcomer, at that time—in a big picture called *Hurricane*. One of the things that kept both players busy in this film was plenty of swimming and diving; both of them are experts at aquatic sports.

Marlene "Legs" Dietrich. A portrait of the famous star and her very beautiful legs on which she has climbed the screen ladder to fame

After that, Miss Lamour did not do much work in Hollywood for a while, until Paramount gave her a contract, and, remembering how marvellous she had looked in those swimming scenes in the Goldwyn picture, put her into a sarong, and built up a terrific publicity campaign for The Sarong Girl. Since that, it has been one of Dotty's hardest battles to get herself in front of a camera wearing anything that looks like a *real* dress.

Remember a comedian named Harold Lloyd, who worked his way to fame and a huge fortune on the strength of a pair of glassless horn-rimmed spectacles and an ingenuous manner? *There* was a trademark, par excellence. Not only did those horn-rimmed glasses boost Mr. Lloyd to vast heights in the world of celluloid, but they enabled him to go here, there, and everywhere, at the height of his fame, without being mobbed and torn to bits by frenzied fans. For without the glasses (*Continued on page* 66)

Don't Forget Your Friends

Muff

Materials Required

Strip of woollen material, 18 in. by 26 in.; strip of lining, 18 in. by 26 in. (if pockets are required in the lining extra pieces will be needed); layer of wadding, 16 in. by 24 in.; strip of fur or fur fabric 1½ yd. long by approximately 2 in. wide, or 1½ yd. of thick silk cord in contrast colour; skein of embroidery silk to match fur or cord.

To Make

Plot the position for the monogram to be in the left-hand corner of the muff, and embroider the monogram before making up the muff. If pockets in the lining are required, machine stitch them in position on to the lining, and fasten with press studs.

Place the layer of wadding on to the wrong side of the piece of material. Turn over all round 1 in. of the material and catch on to the wadding. Slip stitch the lining on to the padded piece of material. Seam together the short ends on the lining side and turn on to the right side. The muff then requires pressing, using a hot iron and damp cloth. Stitch on to the sides of the muff the strips of fur or lengths of cord.

Sequined Gloves.

Spatter gold or silver sequins on black knitted gloves, green sequins on brown gloves.

Fire Watcher's Pillow.

Materials Required

Small cushion; piece of black or dark sateen or cotton, the same measurements as the cushion, to make the cover, and another piece of the same material 2 in. larger all round to form pocket; white cotton piping cord to go round the pocket and nine strands of the cord to form the handle; layer of wadding a little smaller than the pocket.

To Make

Machine stitch the ends together to form a cover for the cushion. Leave unstitched a few inches, which can be sewn when the cover is on the cushion. Put the layer of wadding on to the wrong side of the piece of material for the pocket, and tack the edges on to the wadding. The pocket should be the same size as the cushion, but 1 in. less along the top. Divide the padded pocket into squares with chalk and ruler. Machine stitch all these squares to form the quilting. Stitch the pocket in place on to the cushion, and edge all round with the piping cord. Stitch on the stranded cord handle.

Cosmetic Holder.

Materials Required

Two circles of American or Lancaster cloth, 10 in. in diameter; scraps of contrast American or Lancaster cloth or felt for fishes; strip of felt or ribbon for handle; curtain ring for handle; skein of embroidery cotton.

To Make

Blanket stitch all round one of the circles. Blanket stitch the second circle, working through the stitches round first circle, to join the two circles together. Leave open at top. Cut out the fishes, make French knots for eyes, and stitch the fishes in position. Stitch on the handle, which has been slipped through the ring.

Linen Place Mats.

Materials Required

Use up dark pieces of linen (to save on laundry bills) and light stitching.

To Make

Turn in a narrow double edge round the mats and hem neatly. The edge stitch is an open blanket stitch instead of the straight stitches of blanket stitch. The neighbouring stitches lean towards each other, and meet together at the top to form pyramids. The centre design is a lazy daisy stitch, flanked by two slanting tacking stitches. The embroidery is most effective worked in thick soft embroidery cotton.

Health From The Neck Up

WINTER is a season filled with health hazards that nearly all start with the inhalation of germs.

If you can keep your nose, mouth and throat free of germs for the long dank months ahead you are headed for a reasonably healthy time. More than that, you are helping the nation to keep fit, depleting the number of germs in the atmosphere, and certainly not breeding them by the thousands and sneezing them over your fellow travellers, shoppers or workers.

The essential thing is to get a good bathroom antiseptic gargle and use it night and morning when brushing your teeth. If you cannot get a suitable one, use salt and water, but there are some excellent preparations on the market and in most chemists' shops. Gargle night and morning, brush your teeth with the germicide, and if you can manage it, brush your tongue lightly with the same preparation. In this way you will keep your upper throat and mouth perfectly cleansed and most uninviting to the germs around you.

The hygiene of the nose is not quite so simple. It is unwise to sniff up germicide mixtures because there is a danger of the mixture, plus infected mucus, being sniffed into the inner part of the ear, or deeper down into the throat.

A nasal douche can be used, but let the douche drive the solution up the nose. On no account sniff simultaneously with the douching otherwise again the inner ear may be affected.

If the douche is used while you remain perfectly passive the solution should go up the nose and then pass down the throat into the mouth and be expelled from the mouth.

You can do this regularly once a day if you feel inclined, but make certain that the solution is a mild one, not too warm or cold, not too astringent, soothing rather than irritating.

Equal parts of salt and bicarbonate of soda in a pint of warm water make a simple and satisfactory nasal douche.

It is quite a good idea to rinse handkerchiefs in a good antiseptic after washing each time during the winter.

If you feel a prickling sensation or any cold symptoms, spray or douche your nasal passages as soon as you can.

If despite all your care, or because you are careless, you do get a cold, or a sore throat, or catarrh, here is a brief guide to various home treatments.

The most common sore throat is a prelude to a cold and should be assailed immediately with gargling every four hours. Cold or influenza germs double their number in four hours, so that it is necessary to gargle that often.

For tonsillitis, in which there is a difficulty in swallowing and a swollen or septic condition of the tonsils, paint the tonsils with a mixture of glycerine and tannic acid and use a gargle of two aspirins to a little warm water to ease the pain.

During an attack of tonsillitis, drink as much fluid (weak tea, barley water, thin soups, etc.) as possible in order to clear the poison from the system. Keep the bowels open daily.

Laryngitis is mainly due to a cold attacking the larynx. Use your voice as little as possible, rest in bed and inhale friar's balsam, as gargling will not get down to the point of the trouble.

Sprays, inhalants and nasal drops are all helpful. If the throat is very painful, you can apply a poultice of kaolin or antiphlogistine to the lower part. If the condition persists for more than a couple of days, continue with inhalants and nasal douches to remove any catarrh.

Catarrh is the most common of all nasal complaints, being an excess of mucus formed by the inflamed lining of the nose. A nasal syringe or inhalant is the best treatment for this after douching. Continuing up from the nose, we come to the eyes. These should be bathed once a day to refresh them and to remove minute particles of dust. The dark skies of winter and artificial lighting put an added strain on our eyes.

If the eyes feel gritty and itchy, you can be fairly certain you are suffering from conjunctivitis. In a worse stage the eyes become very inflamed. This can be caused through strain or through a germ. Bathe the eyes frequently during the day, apply golden eye ointment at night to the lids and rims. Avoid using the eyes, turn from bright lights or any glare.

Service Man's

There are two groups of women in our world—our workmate assistants in the ATS, WAAFS and WRENS, and our leave companions. One woman may inhabit both worlds, but even so, we like a subtle difference in appearance, manner and behaviour for each world.

Work should be the order for the day when on duty, fun should be the order for the day when on leave. If you are in the forces we like you to be business-like, well-groomed, alert and pleasant, with a make-up that is subtly unnoticeable. But when you are our companion-on-leave, we like you to be as well-dressed as coupons allow; we want you to plan for our amusement, to be gay, sympathetic and attentive. Your make-up should add glamour. We feel complimented when our women-folk look as though we are worth dressing up

IT'S FATAL TO BE FAT

IF this Christmas is less of a feasting orgy than you would like, console yourself with the above words; murmur them to yourself before each meal, and after each meal, and rejoice. It is quite noticeable nowadays that there are fewer over-fat people, due, no doubt, to less laziness, less over-eating.

If, however, you still sport a pre-war model in double chins or excess rolls of fat, brace yourself now and work it off. You will look and feel ten years younger. Fat is ageing, whatever your age.

Of course, you may be a goddess of curves, gaiety and good humour. In this case do not worry about slimming unless you feel that your physical activities are hampered by your avoirdupois. Simply dress to suit your shape and stay comfortable.

You may have excess fat that is extreme, and due to glandular trouble, in which case you will need a specialist's treatment, and that is quite beyond our province.

But if you are a normal woman who winces every time she catches a side view of her silhouette, and groans when a triple mirror reveals her two-chinned profile, then get to it or you are in danger of developing a sad inferiority complex.

Concentrate on the worst bulge first and having erased that, start on the next; delete them one by one until you have a figure that can easily look well groomed. Think how much longer a skirt will last if your figure isn't such that it bubbles a seat out at the back in less than no time.

Starting from the top, let us deal with the neckline first. Fat around the neckline generally means double or triple chins, and for these there is a simple remedy—exercise and massage.

Elizabeth Arden still stocks an excellent brocade chinstrap which is beautifully tailored and lined with astringent herbs that help to prevent any sagging of the slimmed tissues. It costs £2 10s. 6d. but it will last for ages. Don it and proceed with neck exercises which are outlined in a free Arden face-moulding chart.

Before going to bed at night you can apply a slimming cream such as Dermina, or Jane Seymour's; knead it into the extra chin with firmness of fingers and purpose. In the morning slap the chin with the backs of your hands and then with a flap of cotton wool saturated with astringent and pressed out, slap it again until it glows.

The neck is one place that ages quickly and tells tales out of school if not kept well in control. Happily it is the one place that responds beautifully to exercises. So, even after the double chin has been sublimated, keep up the exercise routine.

Next come the various odd places where surplus fat loves to park itself, uninvited. Upper arms, waist, thighs, calves and hips. You can judge the extent of the fat deposits by taking the flesh of the various danger spots between thumb and fingers; the thickness of the flesh taken up will give you some idea of the density of fatty layers. Compare your pinch of flesh with that of another woman who is the right size.

With upper arms and waistband roll, having taken up a wad of fat between thumb and fingers, pinch it, pluck it, knead it, and do everything possible to break up those fatty deposits. You can do a certain amount of this pinching and pummelling on thighs too, and certainly on that little pad of fat that covers the stomach muscles.

Calves have to be massaged with both hands encircling the leg and firmly drawn kneeward. Hips must be rolled off on the floor.

All these local places will respond to slimming creams too. Just apply the cream before beginning the massage. If you cannot get a cream, use a talc powder to prevent the skin from becoming tender. The rough treatment must be continued, regularly and persistently, so make a mental note of the types of massage for the various places; pinching for upper arms, waist and stomach; kneading and pummelling for thighs; upward stroking massage for calves; rolling on the floor over and over for hips.

IT sounds simple enough and it is simple, but the great danger is that these fatty deposits generally come when one is at least the other side of thirty—that is to say when the will to work away at your figure is a degree less firm than it was a few years earlier.

Also it is more difficult when you have reached the thirties, to deny yourself those stodgy foods for which you have a fancy, heavy puddings and the likes which help to anchor you to the fireside chair.

What you should be doing is striding out and conditioning yourself by fresh air and exercise.

It is difficult, of course. Obviously, everyone gets less fresh air and exercise during the cold, dark months.

Heavy foods, the household huddle of winter, deteriorate not only the figure but the liver.

An early morning tonic dose of a good liver salts during these grim months will do wonders with your temper, temperature, and figure. Don't make it a purgative.

Feeling less liverish however, you may be less lethargic, warmer and slimmer.

The way to erase surplus fat is easy once you have steeled your will. If you can do this by taking regular exercise, watching your food and massaging your bulges as outlined here, you will soon be so active that you will have no surplus fat to worry about. And, indeed, the result is so well worth the trouble.

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in this article, write to me at Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

Eye View . . . . . .

for; it is a pleasure to take a woman around if she appears to be happy in our company.

Your general attitude should represent a holiday mood—no worries, no complaining from wife, sweetheart or friend. If we want to talk war, we like an intelligent interest taken, but if we want to forget war we loathe to be plied with questions. Not all women can be beautiful, nor do we want them that way, but you can keep hair shining, skin soft, eyebrows in order, teeth white and even and lips defined, with corners up in good humour. Hands must not look like the washtub, even if you have just finished the housework. Maybe this is a lot to ask, but it is only for seven days each quarter.

For Their Entertainment

How can we pass Christmas in a way that acknowledges the everlasting spirit and conforms to the austerity of duty?

Probably the best way, in fact the only way, is to express, both in the letter and in the spirit, the Goodwill to Men.

There never was a time when it was easier to help others, to spread goodwill, to give, in fact, the comfort and cheer, the warmth and friendliness to the many who need it and need it badly.

• • •

Entertaining has its problems, but we have learned to take them in our stride, so they needn't be a deterrent.

There are troops everywhere. Men and women of this land and of many others who will appreciate hospitality at this time more than any other. Give them the comfort of your fireside, the freedom of your home. Hang the holly berries for them and if the turkey and trappings are missing, don't let it worry you. Beer and sandwiches will convey the spirit of your hospitality just as well.

Don't altogether neglect the Christmas present tradition. It is impossible to give things of value, but such is our new simplicity, that unwrapping a parcel of cigarettes, or discovering a book of stamps in a gay envelope is still fun.

• • •

Collecting for charitable funds is an idea with possibilities for this Christmas. Put on a play and charge your friends for admission. Sing carols and give the contents of the collection boxes to funds for Christmas treats for the troops. Start a darts competition in the local pub for the same funds. Money rolls in easily for these purposes at all times, but at the season of giving people are doubly willing.

In one village near London the local women have banded together to turn the village hall into a temporary Christmas Club for the troops of both sexes stationed around the district. Here, they will be able to gather and hold their own festivities, making their own contributions towards the food and drinks funds. The women helpers are doing the work, organising the buffet and lending a gramophone, a piano and properties for the Christmas charade.

• • •

At another lonely A.A. post, Christmas decorations and other seasonable comforts are being provided for the men by the women of the nearest village. Cold is the big headache for Service people in the coming months. They have been strictly rationed with fuel and in any case their flimsy hutments are not famous for keeping out the frost.

So, in recognition of this fact, parties of women are collecting logs and transporting them to a dump on the site to ensure that the men will have a proper Christmas fire. They are also making and lending Christmas decorations for the hut and sparing whatever small quantities of fat and sugar they can to make a presentation Christmas cake for the men.

• • •

Americans are a special charge upon the English hostess this Christmas. Now is the time to show these men that English hospitality does not fail and that even English reserve can melt before the influence of Christmas. Americans are easy-going. Their vitality and friendliness is something to cultivate. Many Americans are seeing the English countryside they have heard and dreamed of, but the inside of the English home is still a mystery to them.

It might be your special Christmas mission to see that some visiting American troops learn the facts about English home life from you.

Naturally you can't show them English cooking as you would like it to be, but you can give them a good idea of what it promises. As a stunt that will give pleasure to you both let them show *you* something about American cooking. Turn them loose in your kitchen for once, and have an American meal for a change. It might make a very good party.

When you know each other well enough, give them a taste of real freedom by lending them the house for an evening when you are not there. This is the kind of touch that really makes the whole world kin.

Find out how they passed their time back home. Reproduce those pastimes if and when you can. If you have ever felt the bitter pangs of homesickness yourself you will understand how much gestures like this can mean.

• • •

American hospitality is world famous for just these human, easy, sympathetic touches. Our own boys have enjoyed it to the limit on the other side and now it is our turn.

Women of the home forces need a special kind of consideration, too. Women are sentimental about Christmas. Give them the freedom of your home for the purposes of making and organising their Christmas gifts. Make it known that your front door is open for them when they want to drop in and do those little odd jobs which need the background and the resources of a home as opposed to a military establishment.

• • •

If you have a spare bedroom in the house, put it at the disposal of a wife, a girl friend or a mother of one of the Service men in your neighbourhood who will be unable to get away from camp for the Christmas holiday. No service could give more happiness than this.

In one sense this is no time to reproduce an old-fashioned Christmas, but the spirit of the friendly festival can be applied to every day of the year with the coming Christmas as a starting point.

Dressy Woollies For Christmas

Jacket with Sequins

Two-Toned Jersey

ABBREVIATIONS
K. = knit; P. = purl; M. = make; rep. = repeat; S. = slip; st. st. = stocking stitch; sts. = stiches; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; wl. fwd. = wool forward.

MATERIALS.

6-oz. Lister's 3-ply "Lavenda" wool in dark green; cotton to match wool; No. 10 and No. 11 needles; 10 button moulds; separate, contrast sequins, or a small piece of sequin trimming unravelled.

MEASUREMENTS.

Round bust, 34 ins.; sleeve seam, 5 ins.; length, 20 ins.

TENSION.

7½ sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 98 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 5 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 128 sts. Work straight until there are 13 ins. up side seams. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 98 sts. Work straight until there are 4 ins. round curve of armhole. Change to following rib (starting with k. side towards you): **1st row.**—K. 3 *, p. 2, k. 8; rep. from * to end of row, ending k. 3.

2nd row.—P. 3, * k. 2, p. 8; rep. from * to end, ending p. 3. Work 4 ins. of this rib, then cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows, leaving 28 sts. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 56 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work first 48 sts. in k. 2, p. 2 rib and last 8 sts. always k., for 5 ins. Now change to No. 10 needles and st.st., and m. 1 st. at opposite edge to k. border on every 4th row until there are 71 sts. Work straight until there are 13 ins. up side seam. K. 2 tog. at shaped edge on every row until there are 15 decreases. Work straight until armhole is 4 ins. round curve. Change to the following rib, with right side facing: **1st row.**—K. 3, * p. 2, k. 8; rep. from * to last 13 sts., p. 2, k. 11.

2nd row.—K. 8, p. 3, * k. 2, p. 8; rep. from * to end, ending p. 3. Work this rib for 2 ins. Now continue rib but cast off 8 sts. at neck, then k. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 35 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge on every other row 5 times.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on and work as left front, (Continued on page 62)

MATERIALS

3 oz. Lister's "Lavenda" 2-ply wool in mid blue, 4 oz. of same wool in light blue; 4 buttons; No. 10 and No. 12 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 32 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.; length, 19 ins.

TENSION

7½ sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

With mid blue wool, cast on 98 sts. with No. 10 needles. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 7 ins. Now work on first 10 sts. only, and m. 1 st. at outside edge on every 3rd row until there are 26 sts. Work straight until side seam measures 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at armhole edge on every row until there are 16 decreases. Work straight until armhole is 8 ins. round curve. Cast off. Work on last 10 sts. the same.

Join in light blue wool and work st.st. on centre 78 sts. until 4 ins. less in length than the mid blue strips. Now work on half the sts., casting on 4 extra sts. at centre (43 sts.) for 1 in., keeping the 4 centre sts. always k. Now work a buttonhole by knitting 3rd and 4th sts. from centre edge tog., wl.fd., work to end. Rep. this buttonhole every in. until light blue is same length as mid blue strip. Cast off 5 sts. at armhole edge on every other row 5 times, leaving 18 sts. Cast off. Work other side the same without the buttonholes.

THE FRONT

Cast on and work as back until the 2 outside mid blue strips are worked. Now work on 34 sts. next a mid blue strip in light blue st.st. for 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at centre edge on every row for 4 ins. (along decreased edge). Cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge on every other row (still decreasing at neck on every row) until there are no sts. left. Now work on the centre 10 sts. in mid blue rib for 9 ins. Cast off. Work light blue on remaining sts. to correspond to other panel.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

With light blue wool, cast on 66 (Continued on page 63)

"I'll Fix It Myself"

This is the housewife's axiom for this war. Many jobs that women would formerly have passed to plumber, carpenter or husband have now to be done by themselves. In most cases the will to tackle a repair is more important than actual skill.

Clothes. Professional cleaning is apt to be a slow affair. Refreshing your clothes at home is often possible. Carbon tetrachloride is a spirit resembling benzine but not inflammable. You can buy it at any chemist. Use it to remove the following: fat, gravy, milk and most other grease stains. To remove iron mould try oxalic acid, but remember it is very poisonous. Soak the stain for a short time in a hot solution made from oxalic acid crystals and water. Fruit-juice stains will often yield to treatment by soaking in a hot solution of borax and water. Rinse very thoroughly. When using a cleaning agent on a stain start from the outside of the stain and work inwards to avoid the ring which appears when there is dirt in the fabric.

Locks. Locks which are stiff and won't work properly will generally respond to oiling. Get a feather if you can, dip it in machine oil and push the point into the keyhole turning it this way and that to distribute the oil. If this is ineffective the lock must be dismantled. To do this remove the screw which secures the door handle on one side of it. To remove the rest of the lock loosen the screws on the outside plates. When the lock is removed and the inside revealed, brush over with an old toothbrush dipped in paraffin. This will dissolve the corroding dirt and dust which hinders the mechanism. A little vaseline applied to the moving parts before the lock is reassembled will ensure subsequent efficiency.

Towels. Towels tear first at the edges and become frayed, but the tattered edges can be trimmed off evenly all round and replaced with a binding of coloured bias tape. The finished towel is a little smaller, but is still capable of good service. Holes worn in the centre of towels can be decoratively patched with scraps of old towelling, cut in the shape of stars or circles, as most convenient, with close buttonhole stitching in thick coloured embroidery cotton round the edges.

Hats. Ammonia has many uses in restoring the freshness of worn garments and old felt hats. Mix a little ammonia and water in a saucepan and dab on to any parts of a garment which have become shiny from wear. Afterwards press on the wrong side with an iron and a damp cloth.

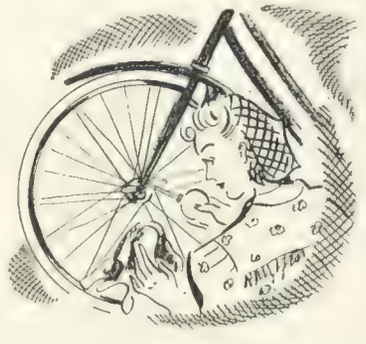
Felt hats should be vigorously brushed to loosen dust. Remove trimmings, brush over the surface with the solution of ammonia, but use it sparingly so as not to wet the fabric.

Stuff the crown with paper and lay aside to dry thoroughly before wearing again.

Handbags. To clean leather handbags that have become spotted and greasy use a little milk in a saucer and rub over the surface of the leather with household soap moistened with the milk. Rinse with fresh milk and dry with a cloth. Now polish the surface of the bag with white shoe cream. To increase the life of a leather handbag, protect it as much as you can from the wet. Wipe off rain spots as soon as possible and apply a good, white shoe cream regularly to feed and preserve the leather.

Radio. Most people are hesitant in tampering with the wireless apparatus, but there are common minor faults which can be safely located and treated by the inexperienced. Crackling is a nuisance that often occurs and may be due to external or internal faults. Check up on this by first looking to see if aerial-earth connections are clean and firmly fixed. See that the mains plug is firmly fitted into its socket. Crackling is sometimes caused by a valve being loose in its holder. To put this right open the set and, *wearing a pair of gloves*, switch on the set and gently rock the valves from side to side. If the noise increases you have found the fault. Now switch off the current, remove the loose valve very carefully by gripping the base, not the glass bulb. Scrape the valve pins with a knife or rub them with fine emery paper to remove the corrosion that is causing the valve to fit badly. Replace firmly in its socket.

Bicycles. These are precious possessions now and cannot be replaced or even have parts renewed. Frequent cleaning and oiling ensures the long life of the machine, and keeps it running smoothly, and wards off breakdowns. Use oil sparingly but use it often. Oil the steering head. This is where the steering column moves in its socket. Oil the wheel hubs and the pedal joints and go over all working parts with a rag dipped in paraffin to remove dirt. If the chain has become heavily corroded with mud, wash it clean with paraffin and dry it with an old cloth. Never put the machine away with the parts still wet from rain. Punctures come less often to tyres that are inflated hard.



ABC GHI MNOPQR VWX

abc fhi mnopqr vwx 12

From the Field To the Flour Mill

From the Flour Mill to the Oven

From the Oven to the Table

HUNTLEY & PALMERS

BISCUITS

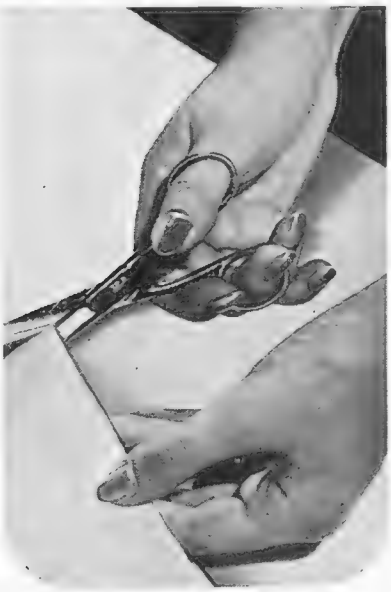
are so good

Jenny Blake 1842

Hands

THAT WORK FOR

VICTORY



STYLED BY

Peggy Sage

FINGER-TIP and TOE-TIP SPECIALIST

You can buy Peggy Sage polishes, lotions and her other world-famous manicure preparations at all high-class toilet counters.

SALONS:

LONDON: 130 NEW BOND STREET, W.1
(*Corner of Grosvenor Street.*) 'PHONE: MAYFAIR 0396
NEW YORK: 50 EAST 57TH STREET

Deal With Damp

Carry out a thorough inspection of gutters and clear them of congested leaves and the other refuse which is carried into them by high winds and heavy rains. Choked gutters are a principal cause of damp walls During the same inspection check up on leaks which should be mended at once, otherwise water will escape the gutter and seep into the walls.

Damp walls, due to unusual exposure and also to other causes, can be treated with a patent invisible waterproof preparation. This is either sprayed or painted on to the outside or inside of the walls, and is effective in keeping damp under control.

• • •

Doors, windows, and other wood parts can only be shielded from the ill-effects of damp by regular painting. Materials and labour are in short supply, but it is worth while to paint doors and window-frames yourself rather than to leave them to the depredations of the weather. It is a bad time of year to start painting now, but make up your mind, if possible, to do your own house painting next spring.

• • •

Damp floors are sometimes due to lack of proper ventilation under the boards. Professional advice is generally needed to deal with insidious floor dampness, but a ventilator grating let into the floorboards in a corner of the room is sometimes effective. As a palliative, Linovent laid beneath the carpet is helpful.

If this is hard to come by a good substitute can be made by spreading creosote on to thick sheets of brown paper. When the sheets are dry spread them underneath the linoleum or carpet.

In a kitchen, or in any room where linoleum is used as a floor covering, damp can be lessened by cementing the linoleum to the floor.

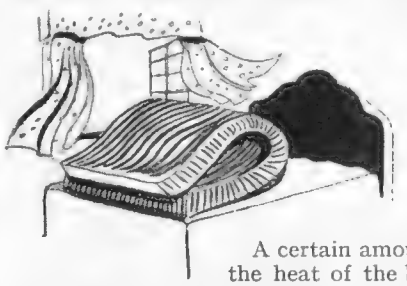
• • •

Cupboards are often damp through lack of proper ventilation. Some small ventilator holes bored in the top of the door may put the trouble right.

A box of quicklime in the bottom of a damp store-cupboard is also a good remedy. It does not cure the damp, but absorbs it in a few days if no better method is possible.

• • •

Rooms not regularly occupied which show tendencies to damp should be given regular fresh-air treatment. Strip the beds, open wide the drawers and cupboard doors, turn up the rugs or fold back the carpet when this is possible, and open the windows and doors to promote a through draught.



Beds that are regularly occupied are not often damp, but if you suspect dampness slip a hand-mirror between the sheets and leave it for ten minutes. If, when the mirror is removed, the glass is misted, then there is too much moisture.

A certain amount of this is generated by condensation from the heat of the body, and for this reason every bed should be left open for an hour on one day of the week with the mattress turned up and exposed to a free current of air.

• • •

When you discover mildew on linen that has been stored in damp cupboards or drawers rub the spots with french chalk, or finely powdered ordinary chalk will do. Leave it for a few hours and then wash in the usual way.

• • •

Firegrates and other ironwork which has become rusty through damp and the shortage of blacklead can be treated as follows :

Saturate the ironwork with benzine applied with a brush. Wearing protective gloves, scrub the iron well with a wire brush to remove the loose particles of rust. Brush clean and apply another lot of benzine. Polish in the usual way.

Brevets
by Wolsey
Coupon wizards
Klirsheer
A typical
Wolsey Shirtmaker
TWY.

Restricted production
will necessitate
economy in purchasing,
but our large factories
and numerous branches
will continue to provide
many delightful models
for our customers.

ALWAYS Dolcis

THERE IS A DOLCIS SHOE STORE IN EVERY LARGE TOWN

My Friend Lavinia (*Continued from page* 19)

and the rest of the room visible through Lavinia,

Quite suddenly I wanted, more than anything in the world, to put paid to Lavinia—once and for all—with her threats and forebodings, and impertinent remarks about poor Mabel. I would marry Mabel, and I would be very happy, and Lavinia could go to the devil—the nasty, spooky schemer! What had she said about Mabel in the moonlight: "As romantic as cold mutton." Cold mutton, indeed! Where on earth did a Regency ghost pick up such nauseating expressions? Not from my bookcases, certainly. I had a sudden vision of Lavinia reading carefully through mother's sizzling novels and film-fan magazines, learning the modern lingo to be "in the fashion," just like any twentieth-century girl. The idea tickled me. I laughed aloud.

"That's the first time you've laughed to-night," Mabel said gently; "what's the matter, William? Are you regretting this?" She smiled, holding up her left hand with the sapphire glistening darkly upon it. It wasn't the ring I'd wanted her to have, but the single pearl set in platinum had been too small. It was made for a hand as tiny as—as Lavinia's.

I got up abruptly. "Mabel," I said urgently, "come on to the terrace with me—I want to talk to you."

Mabel raised startled eyebrows. "*Now?* What on earth for?"

"Please, Mabel." I took her hand and pulled her to her feet. I caught mother's eye. "We're skipping the rest," I said.

Mother beamed. "I don't blame you—it's mostly tinned. Don't hurry back, my dears . . . I *quite* understand." She was blushing like a débutante at her first kiss.

We went through the library to the terrace. I paused in the room just long enough to switch on the radio. It was as though I'd fixed it, for a saxophone immediately wailed out that the girl had stepped out of a dream. Then I pushed Mabel firmly through the windows.

THERE was a moon. It glistened on the snow and turned the leafless trees to fingers of filigree. It was beautiful.

"Really, William!" Mabel sounded irritable. "What will they think? Rushing out in the middle of a meal—on a bitter winter night." She shivered pathetically.

I took my coat off and flung it round her shoulders. My heart was pounding like a sledge-hammer. I was babbling words. "Mabel—let's elope! Let's drive—on and on and on. Let's never come back!" I pulled her, roughly, into my arms. I tilted her head back. Mabel's pale blue eyes were goggling with astonishment. I put my hand under her chin and drew her mouth towards mine. "Mabel," I pleaded hoarsely.

She stiffened. Her elbows dug sharply into my ribs. With an athletic heave she thrust me away. "Have you gone *quite* mad, William? *Really*——!"

I caught hold of her again. "Oh, Mabel, be sweet to me. Doesn't the moonlight *do* something to you? Darling, I love you. Don't you love me?"

She flushed, but she pushed me away again. "Of course I love you. I wouldn't be engaged to you if I didn't, would I? But I'm—I—you were hurting me, William."

I felt a complete fool, standing there in the moonlight in my shirt-sleeves. "I'm sorry," I said stiffly; "I apologise."

Mabel laughed. "That's all right, old man. But for just a moment—well, I really thought you'd been drinking! My dear, how could we possibly elope? You haven't any petrol. Besides, it would upset your mother frightfully. She's set her heart on our being married in the village church, and——"

I caught her hands eagerly. "Then let's get married there next week. I don't want to wait. The vicar can fix it——"

"William, don't be childish!" Mabel was smiling, but her eyes were colder than the snow. "How could we? My trousseau's not ready. All the papers aren't drawn up yet—the settlement, all that sort of thing. Father would think it very odd, indeed. You know what he's like."

Yes, I knew what Sir Edward was like. I let go of Mabel's hands. The moon disappeared behind a cloud. The snow was just snow and the trees were bleak. I felt as miserable as the small boy who didn't go to the party. "All right," I said blankly; "it was just an idea—forget it." Then I put my coat on and we went back to the dining-room.

THE smell of sandalwood returned when I was locking the front door for the night. "All right," I said wearily, "hurry up and make your entrance, Lavinia—and I'll bet you're draped dramatically round a pillar."

She was. Leaning against it like a dancing-girl, in a floating muslin thing of hyacinth blue, with a cherry velvet sash flowing down to her feet. Her head was bare, but from her hand was swinging a great brimmed hat of leghorn, with a bunch of cherries perched on the crown and more cherry streamers flowing from it. Apparently Lavinia's clothes were not governed by the seasons.

"Very effective," I commented dryly; "but you're wasting your time—you're not my type——"

She laughed. "Clever William, to realise that Adam designed these columns especially for designing young females to lean against. Isn't my dress heaven? You were right about that, too. I've had a roaring time with your mother's novels. She's a darling, William! What a pity Mabel doesn't like her."

"Doesn't she?"

Lavinia spread her skirts like a pair of great blue wings and waited until they fluttered down again. "H'm—pretty!" She waltzed slowly round the pillar. "No, William, Mabel doesn't like your mother. She thinks she's a fool."

"You're a liar. Mabel is devoted to her." I let my eyes slide, insolently, over Lavinia's shapely form. "What an outrageous peacock you are! You must have cost your poor father a pretty penny."

She shrugged. "Oh, he moaned, but he always paid up in the end, bless him. He loved me, you see. He called me his most angelic devil."

In spite of myself, I was curious. "*Were* you a devil?"

Lavinia rolled her eyes. "Oh, simply terrible! When I was sixteen I eloped with one of the stable boys—such eyelashes, Cousin William! Father caught us up when Gretna Green was actually in sight. How I cried! Bread and water for a week. And then mama—she was awfully strict, William—and then mama took me to a great ball at the Duchess of Muddleberry's, where I was ordered to get myself engaged to a pimply young man called Archie Toppingdeath. They had me neatly parked in an alcove with screens and potted palms, and I didn't see how I could get out of it, and just as things became really frantic—guess what happened!"

"Haven't the faintest." I was angry. Mothers like Mrs. Pennington, I was thinking, should be locked away. Poor little Lavinia, sixteen years old and in love with a pair of eyelashes. . . .

"Brother Stanton happened!" Lavinia declared triumphantly. "He came charging along on Satan—she was a lovely jet black mare—and he rode her right up the great staircase—*hundreds* of women had the vapours—and right into the potted palms. He knocked Archie rather hard on the nose and stuck me behind him, and we galloped down the stairs again. It was a sensation for weeks. Stanton said a girl should marry for one reason only—love; and marrying for love was an almost unheard of thing in those days. Archie went to Africa to shoot lions, or something. Mama left me alone after that. She was afraid of Stanton."

"I *like* Stanton," I found myself saying.

"Oh, he was *grand*, William. And so handsome in his red coat—he was a lieutenant. He—he fell at Waterloo."

Lavinia's mouth trembled. I was on the verge of taking her (*Continued on page* 54)

STATE EXPRESS 555

For over half a century STATE EXPRESS 555 have maintained their reputation as the world's finest cigarettes.

THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

Brilliance in a MINute!

It is the easiest thing imaginable to obtain a beautiful and lasting brilliance on Furniture with MIN. There is also this great advantage in using MIN — its brilliance never gathers 'bloom.'

The supply is restricted by the Limitation of Supplies Order, so please use sparingly.

Of all Dealers

MIN CREAM

FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4. MJFK.

You can see the

DIFFERENCE

in lips by Tattoo!

Others see that difference too . . . that dawn-dewy secret that belongs only to Tattoo! A spell stolen from the gold-dusted South Sea's maidens. Gorgeous transparent stain instead of greasy coating. Glamorous, amorous redness . . . that stays and stays! Tattoo! The only lipstick you put on . . . let set . . . wipe off . . . only the colour remains.

6/6 *inc. Purchase Tax (refills 4/4 inc. Purchase Tax)*

3/7 *inc. Purchase Tax (refills 2/2 inc. Purchase Tax)*

Tattoo Ltd

● METAL MAKES GUNS! Keep your Tattoo holder: buy refills, especially in the 6/6 size.

TATTOO

your lips!

NOW TEN SHADES

VAPEX

WILL STOP THAT COLD

From your Chemist, 2/3

V216 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF

LIPSTICK REFILLS

. . . in Tangee Natural or Theatrical Red are in good supply in medium and large sizes.

1/10 & 5/-

Including Purchase Tax

From your Chemist or usual store.

TANGEE

in my arms and saying: "There—there," when I remembered she was a witch with a plot to ruin my life.

"Why are you telling me all this?" I demanded suspiciously.

Lavinia threw her hat on the ground and stamped on it. "Because you're such a *fool*!" She was almost weeping: "Because Stanton was right and you're wrong. Love is the only thing worth fighting and waiting for, and you're deliberately planning to live your life without it. And that isn't in your stars. William! Look at Mabel on the terrace! I told you so, didn't I?"

I clenched my fists and dug them in my pockets. "Oh, you know everything, don't you? But it won't make any difference. Mabel is a—a lady, that's all. She's not wild and wicked, like some girls I could mention. Mother says——"

"Ah!" My spectral cousin wagged her head in a knowing, exasperating manner. "That's the situation in a nutshell! You're marrying Mabel to please your mother. Mrs. Craydent is sweet and a little scatter-brained, and like all good mothers she thinks that's wrong, and so she found Mabel for you. I wish your father were alive. I wish you would ask him if he'd have married Mabel if he'd had the chance. He would have tanned the hide off you!"

I controlled my voice with the greatest difficulty. "Listen to me, Lavinia, because I'm getting a little tired of saying the same thing over and over again. The more you interfere, the more determined I am to marry Mabel. The more you . . ."

But Lavinia, like all women when they are getting the worst of it, had vanished. This time, I felt, I'd fixed her. And if she had the impertinence to return, well—well, I'd call in the Society for Psychical Research. They would soon polish off Lavinia.

AT midnight I was awakened by a gentle tapping on my door. I sprang out of bed and opened it with a positive howl of rage. Apparently Lavinia had suddenly decided to knock at a man's door before walking into his bedroom. It was surprising—Lavinia hadn't exactly gone in for maidenly modesty in a big way.

But it was Mabel, looking rather green, with a thick red dressing-gown clutched carefully round her.

She reddened. "I'm sorry to wake you, William, but your room was the nearest and—have you any aspirin? I have a simply terrible headache, just as though someone had hit me hard on the temple——"

"You poor sweet. Of course I have. Just a——" I stopped. Mabel was staring at something over my shoulder, and her eyes were starting out of her head.

"What is it?" I asked, in a strangled voice. "Mabel—what on earth——"

She was shaking like an aspen. "You dare to ask *me* what it is, William! As though you don't *know*!"

I swung round. My bed is a very big bed, and I sleep on the left side of it, leaving the other pillow as white and smooth as undriven snow. It was like that when I got up to open the door. But it wasn't now. Oh, dear me, no. On the pillow rested a head, a lovely, sleeping head, with curls of new-penny hair splayed out on it, and a cherubic smile turning up the corners of the sweet, full mouth. There was quite a lot of neck and shoulder visible, too, covered with the barest apology of pale mauve ninon.

"Good God! Mabel, you don't surely imagine—my God, Mabel—Mabel, *listen* to me! That isn't a real woman, I swear to you! It's only Lavinia . . ."

Mabel's mouth was opening and shutting like a fish gasping for air. "You don't have

to tell me her name, thank you, William! To think—with *me* in the house—at your *engagement* party. I—I—this is the last straw! Father said he was afraid you might be a little—a little——Oh, I—I—this is the end, William!" She tore off the sapphire and flung it at my feet. "I am leaving first thing in the morning, William, *after* I have seen your mother." The door slammed in my face.

I swung round again. "I'm going to kill you," I said in an icy, pleasant voice, "right here and now I'm going to——"

The bed was empty. There was a heap of pale mauve ninon on the pillow. I screwed it up savagely. There was a tearing noise.

"That will cost you five guineas," Lavinia said reprovingly. "It was Carol's favourite nightie—I couldn't borrow one of Mabel's, naturally—not that I'd want to." Her nose wrinkled in disgust. "Awful, William!"

She was standing by the window and dressed for a journey, in a long coat like a highwayman's, with a little velvet collar. It struck me as odd, even then, how clearly I noticed her clothes. How right they were . . . and how beautiful.

"You've won," I said bleakly; "this is the end."

"Oh, no; it's the beginning." She stared at me for a long while. "Good-bye, Cousin William; you're awfully nice. . . ."

Something as light as a butterfly's wing brushed my mouth, paused—was gone.

OVER the events of the following morning I would prefer to draw a veil. All I can say is that it was the most hell-awful morning I'm ever likely to experience. Mother in tears. Mabel in tears. Sir Edward spluttering like an apoplectic rhinoceros and threatening law suits involving millions. The other guests pretending to be unaware of anything unusual and grinning all over their faces. Mabel leaving on the 9.40. Mother ordering me to leave on the 9.54. I stayed at my club for nearly three months before mother wired that I could come home again. There was no law suit. I suppose mother worked that. Not that I dared ask. The only time she mentioned the Stubley-Moores was when she told me that Mabel had married Charlie Wilson, one of her golfing cronies. After that the whole business was locked away as a new family skeleton. Sometimes I think that mother rather enjoyed the scandal, though she would have died before she would admit it.

YES, it was exactly a year ago to-day. It seems funny to think about it now, sitting at the candle-lit table with my wife smiling at me from the other end.

I met Sally six weeks ago. She's a very distant relative, and I'd never set eyes on her until she came to London from Falkirk to take a V.A.D. course. Her father made himself known to mother and asked her to keep an eye on this "slightly wild brat." Three weeks after I met Sally I married her.

Yes, it was very queer, that Lavinia business. If I weren't so wildly, ecstatically happy it would have me worried. You see, though Sally is barely twenty and as modern as to-morrow, she has a few odd, rather sweet eccentricities. She insists on writing with a quill pen. She has a passion for Georgian architecture, and an absurd "thing" about red coats—which was, in a way, the reason why I chucked crystallography and joined the Guards. She doesn't use sandalwood—she prefers Chanel's No. 5. But she has hair the colour of a new penny, and very large violet eyes. And before she married me her name was Sally Pennington. It makes you think, doesn't it?

END

LET "RANEE" READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR HANDWRITING

"RANEE has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting. The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia and Eve" in the belief that her character reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address in full, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair. Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to: "Ranee," c/o "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and *stamped, addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course, "Ranee" will send a typewritten delineation of your character.

See its sparkling clearness as it bubbles in your glass. Take a deep draught. How clean and crisp it is on the tongue. Could you have believed that water could taste so satisfying?

Schweppes

MALVERN SPA

Just as delightful blended with spirits

Suits child or adult

Here's a laxative for young or old, for the strong or the delicate. Lixen is thoroughly effective in action and, at the same time, so gentle as to be quite safe even for children. Made from senna pods, Lixen doesn't 'gripe' or irritate. *And* it is pleasant to take!

Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 1/2, 2/-, 3/6.
Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, in bottles, 1/6.
Plus Purchase Tax.
Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN
THE GOOD-NATURED
Laxative

L50

SAUCEPANS MADE SPITFIRES—
OLD BOOKS MAKE SHELL CASES
TURN THEM OUT NOW—
THE NEED IS URGENT!

Books: (*Continued from page 41*)

latest novel, "Captain Moonlight" (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.). Jesse is the wild son of ultra-religious parents, a dreamer after liberty, friend of poachers and gipsies, the depressed and the leaderless. His one love is his younger sister Jessica. She dies, after finding happiness with the gipsies, and he goes to Ireland and leads the hard life of a small farmer, raising a family on potatoes amid the restless struggles of the peasants against the British landlords. It is a story that is gripping in its simplicity, and full of interest.

"Waters of the Wilderness" (Stanley Paul, 9s. 6d.) gave me the chance to rub up a very rusty portion of my knowledge of American history at the end of the eighteenth century, when St. Louis was a Spanish possession, and all along the Missouri the French, the British, the Spanish and the Americans, with the Indian tribes thrown in as bribable allies, were struggling for the small villages and towns, and striving to collect all the wealth they could.

Shirley Seifert knows the period well and has taken a well-known American hero, Colonel George Rogers Clark as her centre-piece round which to weave a tale of love and adventure, ending with a siege by the bloodthirsty Indians, bribed at so much a scalp by the British. Her characters live, and the story goes with a surge.

Of the non-fiction I recommend "The Road Between Us" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) by American Dr. Frederic Loomis. This bond is alternatively known as the Third Component, that unknown reaction of bridge which affects any two people, A and B, who may be partners, friends, husband and wife, parent and child, or lovers. Given any two people, no one can foresee what the Third Component may be.

From a long and varied life Dr. Loomis draws incidents to illustrate this Third Component. There is much that is medical in this book written in lay language, and much to study in the problems that face the medical man every day of his life. The chapter I liked best was "In a Chinese Garden" which has a moral for all of us, but that is an invidious selection from a pile of good stuff.

Surely we in England were never as utterly forgetful of the war as the characters in Philip Hughes's "Georgian Town" (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.). In peace time I can imagine Whyteforde as an amusing relic of a place, but when two attractive girls open up an expensive tea shop there in wartime (surely a risky proposition in view of the certainty of rationing) it all becomes unreal in a spate of sweet things, rare pâtisseries, eggs and idle chatter. The war all seems very far away, though there is a spy scare, told, as is most of the book, with a naïvety which I could not digest. In fact I found a book for once unbelievably incredible.

END

An Undiscovered Christmas (*Continued from page 15*)

enchantment in which, we felt, we had left the world altogether.

It was in this unreal Arctic world that the three Norwegians and I, for I have had some of the best times of my life in Scandinavia, began on the discussion of national humour; what various nationalities considered funny. The minister said his country's sense of humour was beautifully illustrated in the story of the lovely young girl, who ran out, in her nightdress, from her house in a small fishing village. She was halted by a fisherman, who was startled by her wild appearance. "What is it?" he asked her earnestly.

"I am looking for a baker," she cried.

The fisherman stared at this beautiful creature and smiled: "Must it *absolutely* be a baker?"

I tried to give him the irony of Cockney humour, illustrating it by the story of the two buddies who saw a friend of theirs get hit by a bomb, just as she stepped out of her air-raid shelter: "We didn't arf laugh—she'd been in there *all night*!" But that was a bit grim; and I would like to have given him this true one, which I was eye-witness of on our returning convoy. We had been dive-bombed and torpedoed for four days after leaving Russia, when we finally dropped anchor in a North British harbour, our captain signalled to the leading ship of our escort: "It was not altogether 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' was it?"

Quick as a flash the bunting came up on the escort's halyards: "No. But you can't always have it 'As You Like It.'"

I actually saw that exchange of naval repartee take place.

So, with much good talk and fun, only two serious alerts, and one bad night when two tanks broke loose and were chasing themselves about like cats down below in our ship, we went up to where the sun was just an orange glow below the bend of the world; then we headed down into the ice and the bitter cold of the White Sea, where, it seemed, our very breath was freezing in our nostrils.

Well, that was the prelude to this Christmas—which, for some of us, was nothing but the 25th of December. Convoy—secrecy forbids more description of the bitter icefields, going off for ever under the gloomy dark sky. Or how, at night, our searchlights seemed to burn like blue fire as they searched for lanes through the closing and crushing ice-pans. There was—this much can be told—a gigantic ice-breaker crunching its way ahead of us.

But one dawn, when the dipping sun ran like molten flame along the low coast of Russia, three days short of a month from leaving London, I again saw the frozen tundra which I had lived on for two months in the dying winter of 1915. And the wing commander, with a prophetic vision that he was not aware of, remarked that it was an odd spot at which to celebrate Christmas Eve. It was, for him, for he was in one of the motor cars which broke down in the night, as we fought our way through the snow to reach Archangel—and he and the two other R.A.F. officers had to *push it ten miles*!

Archangel, which had been nothing but mud streets, with duckboards, log buildings, a painted monastery and one log hotel with nine rooms, when I knew it in 1915 was now an Arctic city—with a population bigger than Oslo, cement streets, trams, and a huge Intourist hotel, with a three-piece jazz orchestra. It was one vast monument to Soviet imagination and creative capacity. At 11.30 p.m., just this side of Christmas, I found the three-piece orchestra blazing away, and all the tables occupied with Soviet officials and officers, when I tottered in, out of 41 degrees below zero, to this goal towards which I had been making for, I think, six of the most painful hours I have ever spent outside of hospital. The reason for this being that a hurtling trunk on the convoy had opened up an old wound on my shin-bone; and, during this horrible drive across snow and ice, at least one of the suitcases of the Norwegian Military Attaché was always flying up in the air and coming down—precisely on that open bit of bone. Therefore, I did not say no when a trim, but grim, Russian port official pulled out a chair from his table and uttered the magic word: "Vodka?"

Most of our R.A.F. contingent had remained aboard the ship; I pictured them holding high wassail. (I was wrong, because the Irish skipper turned sour and closed the drink locker!) Three other R.A.F. officers—with visions of an Archangel they didn't know before them—were pushing a huge Russian-built limousine through the midnight Arctic drifts. I was with communists, who made it a point of honour *not* to celebrate Christmas, much less its eve. And the three (*Continued on page 58*)

Warm, colourful, enduring — right in tune with the practical needs of the times! A Harella utility with a new over-the-hips jacket and skirt with four freedom pleats. Cut with all Harella's genius for slim, clean line. Sturdy Scotch tweeds, West of Englands and Saxonies in herringbone and check patterns. Harella utility suits cost 82/2 and 92/10. See them, together with the rest of the inspiring Harella range, at any good Fashion Store — or if you are in any difficulty write to L. Harris Limited, 243 Regent Street, W.1.

"There must be many women who go on suffering at 'these times' just as I did." If only those who suffer from wretched headaches, severe pain and mental depression, instead of looking upon these things as a natural sequence of their indisposition, would try Cephos, they'd never be without it. Cephos contains no harmful drugs. It is the prescription of an eminent Harley Street physician, a safe and certain remedy. It does not affect the heart. Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form, 1/3 & 3/-.

Single Dose 2d.

Cephos REGD
Pronounced See-foss
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Norwegians, I thought with sadness, were the happy, much-welcomed guests of the British Mission, over in Norway House.

Under these conditions I made a poor fifth at the table of the Major commanding transportation in the Archangel region.

Now I have spent Christmas in some strange places: Angora during the Mosul affair, where the tribunal of Independence was hanging fez-bearing rebel Turks in the streets; in a mud hut of the Russian sturgeon fishermen during the time of the Tartar Bunar terror in the marshes of Rumania; roasting eight wild duck on a spit made of a palm stalk on the edge of the Kalahari Desert in South-West Africa; two Christmases in a lonely log cabin on the shores of a mountain lake in British Columbia; and this was to be my fourth Christmas in Russia.

I have, therefore, acquired a philosophy about celebrating this happy day: I just forget it. No great expectations for me, I was in Soviet Russia, where Christmas is not even a day of rest. Yet, as I was drinking my fourteenth glass of morning Russian tea, I suddenly found myself having an English Christmas again!

I was called to the phone. It was from Norway House. Captain X, naval head of the British Mission, presented his compliments; would I come over and have a spot before lunch? Would I not! Washing and shaving myself in the communal toilet, I let my mind run back twenty-six years. Norway House, although it had not said very much to me then, was the consulate to which the captain of a British liner repaired—a little man in a bowler hat—to see that some of his crew were properly reported and put down for future punishment, for mutinying on him in the frozen mouth of the White Sea. He had had breakfast with me, this dapper, daring little man in his double-breasted civilian blue suit, fresh from his ritual morning bath in his liner, which he had brought in to Archangel, with her sides crunched in by ice, before getting into a tattered old droshky, drawn by an equally tattered horse, we went out past that rose-and-lemon painted old monastery to where Norway House still stands, overlooking the frozen Northern Dvina.

An Undiscovered Christmas

It had begun as a trading station, I think, as far back as the days of Peter the Great. And it has always been Norway.

There they were: officers of the Royal Navy, the Army, the Royal Air Force, smiling, joking, wishing a Merry Christmas to each other, around one small table. In an invincible way—and that is why I am writing about it—they made this room England. This was so strong, this *presence* of England which just emanated from their hearty beings that I was surprised, when the captain called me to the window to see two ships working their way out through the shore ice, to find myself back in Russia again. I turned, listening to the jests around the table, to retrieve the illusion.

During all of this the Norwegian Minister, his military attaché and his handsome young private secretary had been peculiarly silent. Yet they seemed to be (I would almost call it "suffering") moved by a strong inner emotion of some sort. It was marked, in contrast with the purposely frivolous, light-hearted British gaiety. But back in Norway House I learned the cause of it. The Norwegian Minister took me into his bedroom, and I saw that his eyes were moist with tears. He pointed through the window to the best Christmas present which that very thoughtful British naval captain could have thought of for a Norwegian, these days.

It was the flag of Norway which had been deliberately run up to replace the Union Jack on its staff. There it fluttered in the Arctic winds.

"What a gesture!" sighed the Norwegian Minister. "For two days these kind British have put me back in a little bit of my own country again!"

So much for the headwork of the Royal British Navy. This *was* a Merry Christmas!

END

Dictatorship and Gandhi (*Continued from page 25*)

which owes allegiance to Subhas Chandra Bose, the fifth columnist, rightists, leftists. Even Gandhi could not prevent its disruption but for the heavy financial backing from caste Hindus.

It is a curious paradox that sentimental democrats, both in Britain and America, deceived by its lip-service to democracy, have been, and still are, ready to take Congress at its own valuation as a great popular party representing the opinion of the majority of the Indian people. Nothing is farther from the truth. Nehru, as already noted, admits that its policy is inspired by the Hindu oligarchy that dominates the party; the communists tell the same story; the selfish objectives of a small clique are a poor substitute for public opinion. And as to membership, though the annual subscription is only about fivepence, numbers are said to have dwindled to one and a half millions; this figure is probably exaggerated since it is well known—Gandhi himself has admitted it—that the lists have at times been faked.

CONGRESS is now in open rebellion; it is war à l'outrance. Let India perish rather than that Gandhi and Congress should lose their grip on the popular imagination. And yet, despite this unprovoked declaration of war, the friends of Congress, both in India and abroad, still urge on the British Government a policy of appeasement, a policy that has hopelessly failed hitherto; in India the Hindu-owned press, and non-Congress Hindus generally, appeal to Government to end a deadlock not of its creation; obviously enough, while criticising Gandhi's policy, they are not averse to turning the position to the advantage of the caste Hindu. Would-be supporters of the Government and the services generally feel that ultimately Government will give way to Congress and that if they have meanwhile acted against its interests they may be victimised when the party comes into its own. The result is to weaken the Government's position.

What would happen if Government should yield? Nehru in an unguarded moment during the Cripps negotiations told press representatives that the provisional government would be Congress with the support of the Sikhs and the Hindu Mahasabha. The Muslims would never join such a government; the result would be civil war. On the very unlikely supposition that a coalition government could be formed with Muslim support, can any one who has studied Gandhi's record expect that he would allow his ministers to function unless the government adopted a policy of non-violence—in other words, accepted his dictatorship? Suppose they defied him and threw him over, it is practically certain that in his present mood he would use his influence to start a fresh campaign of civil disobedience; the last state would be worse than the first.

Why play into the hands of the extremist? Why risk such obvious dangers? Why not let the present Government function, representing as it does the best and most balanced elements in Indian political life? It functions as a cabinet; it is practically certain that the Viceroy will act on its advice except in an emergency. The complete Indianisation of the council will doubtless be considered, but most candid observers, both in India and abroad, must admit that, considering that Britain is shouldering the major portion of India's military expenditure and that she and her American ally have accepted responsibility for the defence of the country, it is not unreasonable that two of the fifteen portfolios still in official hands should remain there for the period of the war. There are now five popular governments in the provinces; the appointment of non-official advisers in the remaining six might help to rally more popular support to the administration.

END

SAVE FUEL

Keep warm inside with

Unexcelled since 1706 for Quality

C&B

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S

MOCK TURTLE · VEGETABLE · KIDNEY · MULLIGATAWNY · CONSOMMÉ

There'll be no more "Fortune" Chocolates until after the war as Caley's have put all their chocolate into service dress!

Norwich Plain Chocolate, in blocks 2½d.

CALEY

They're friendly — they're smart — they're Hutton's

Hutton of NORTHAMPTON

In a full range of colours.
Ask for "Hutton" Shoes by name at Dolcis, Lilley & Skinner's, Saxone, and most good Shoe Shops.

Personal freshness will always be yours —whatever the nature of your work if refreshing Vinolia is constantly used.

VINOLIA

7d a tablet

Including Purchase Tax

The soap that freshens you

Vinolia Co. Ltd. NV 262C/129

The quickly made sweet — *Healthful — Delicious*

An unexpected treat in wartime — Little Miss Muffet Fruit Flavoured Junkets. Milk in its most digestible form. Nourishing, because made with milk. Healthful and delicious, because of their true fruit flavours. Yes, sugar (or saccharine) is required. Children love them. They look and taste so nice.

Little Miss Muffet

THE ORIGINAL

FRUIT Flavoured Junkets

Still obtainable—still only 7½d. (makes 3 lovely pint junkets).

RASPBERRY–ORANGE–LEMON–VANILLA

FALSE TEETH and proper mastication

A loose denture, besides causing discomfort and embarrassment, makes it impossible for you to masticate your food properly. Correct fitting can, however, be restored by using KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, specifically prepared *to make false teeth fit firmly.* This tasteless and odourless white powder, sprinkled on the contact surface of the plate after cleaning, will hold it securely and comfortably in position for many hours. Sprinkler tins for pocket or handbag 1/3d, also large 'Economy' size 3/3d, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 24*)

him and commended their souls to the Almighty, for the expression on his face told them plainly what was coming. Here are the words addressed by his monarch to the Lord Admiral, as reported by Stowe's Annals: "Alas, whom shall men trust? I promise you I see no such thing as hath been shown me of her by pictures or report. I am ashamed that men have praised her as they have done, and I love her not!"

This was the beginning of a period in which Henry did not spare any one from his wrath and vituperation, let alone Cromwell. Each tried to shift the blame on to someone else, until finally the king ended the unseemly dissension by giving his Council the order to break the engagement. *They* had tied the knot; now let them undo it. . . . Discussion after discussion took place.

Henry fought furiously to get his own way; but finally fears of political complications forced him to bow to pressure, and the ill-matched couple were married.

After a few months of uncomfortable association a divorce was agreed to. Henry got his own way at last. Cromwell was arrested, and with him Dr. Barnes who had contributed to the match-making plan. The former finished his life on the scaffold and the latter was burned alive at Smithfield.

It is noticeable that during all this turmoil the name of Holbein is not mentioned by historians. Perhaps the king's friendship for him was so strong as to preclude him from blame, or perhaps Henry realised that he had been acting under pressure. At any rate, he soon re-appears high in royal favour by reason of his superb portrait of Catherine Howard.

Ann of Cleves welcomed the dissolution of her miserable marriage and was thankful to have escaped with her life. The king's new flame was one of the court beauties and already well-known to him. As usual, she was kept in readiness to mount the throne directly her predecessor was out of the way. Sixteen months passed for the king in perfect happiness before his new bride was accused by Parliament of a guilty past which should have been buried and forgotten. Before long another Queen of England had laid her head on the block.

Faithful to tradition Henry soon chose another wife, his sixth. But Holbein did not live to paint her. In the autumn of 1543 the Plague burst upon London and cut down with its inexorable scythe, among many thousands of others, the precious life of the great painter. In the same year ends also the list of those far-off Queens of England to whom Henry brought death and Hans Holbein eternal fame.

END

Little Robert

(*Continued from page 32*)

a stiff cognac. Paris . . . Lyons . . . Marseilles. . . . Perhaps it was an odd coincidence that the Linz Circus should have found itself so near all those bomb affairs at each stage of its journey across France. His Paris office would be able to tell him whether the troupe had left the capital before or after that unfortunate affair at the Hotel Rochefort. He had also asked for detailed reports on all the members of the Linz entourage.

He had to kick his heels for forty-eight hours, but the information was worth it. The circus had left Paris the morning after the explosion; the train had been blown up within four days of its arrival in Lyons; and the battleship had narrowly escaped destruction soon after the troupe began to delight the worthy citizens of Marseilles. Equally useful was the information about the members of this interesting company. Several appeared to be aliens, and one had had a Jewish wife who had committed suicide in Vienna.

Captain Leibmann was all but purring with satisfaction as he made his plans. The troupe, quite unsuspecting, could be rounded up at any time. And it would be pleasant to cross-examine them, starting from that lion tamer. He would tame that gentleman before he was finished!

HE decided to swoop upon the circus just before the end of the show. That would be dramatic and might make a splendid story for the newspapers. After this, he might easily get a staff billet in Paris.

One evening, not long afterwards, several thickly built young men sat in the front row chuckling over the antics of Petit Robert and jeering at the enraged Nero. They were in plain clothes, but each carried a revolver in his hip pocket. Several others were mixing quietly with the crowd.

When Little Robert had finished his act the whole company rushed into the ring for the finale. No sooner had the orchestra struck up than Leibmann and his men jumped lightly into the ring and ran towards the spot-lighted group in the centre.

Leibmann seized the microphone from Joachim's hand.

"Nobody is to leave here," he shouted into it, speaking in careful French. "This is a police matter. My men have instructions to shoot any one who disobeys." To emphasise the order he took out his revolver and fired a shot into the air. One or two women in the crowd began to scream, then a kind of paralysed silence seemed to grip every one. The troupe in the ring appeared to be frozen like figures in a film that has been stopped for comic effect. Joachim was about to say something, but one of the Nazis had his hand on his shoulder and he thought it wiser to hold his tongue. After all, this was some silly mistake that could soon be explained. . . .

Little Robert was watching Rudolfo and something began to beat in his mind. He thought of that night in Paris when Rudolfo was so strange and kept looking at his watch and talking about laying flowers on his wife's grave. And that explosion. . . . My God, he thought, that bomb was one of the "flowers." Something snapped in his mind as he formed a picture of what the Gestapo would do to Rudolfo.

Then he caught sight of the long whip that Rudolfo had dropped. With a sudden eel-like movement he wriggled away from the German who was resting his hand on his arm, sprang forward and picked up the whip.

"Vive la France!" he screamed, and struck out at the man who was holding the lion tamer. As the thong cut into his face Leibmann gave a wild cry of pain. There was a shot and the lights went out. Little Robert stumbled over someone and then felt himself being picked up by strong arms. He struggled but a voice he knew said "Quiet." He was knocking into things, poles, people, he knew not what, but the man carrying him seemed to know where he was going.

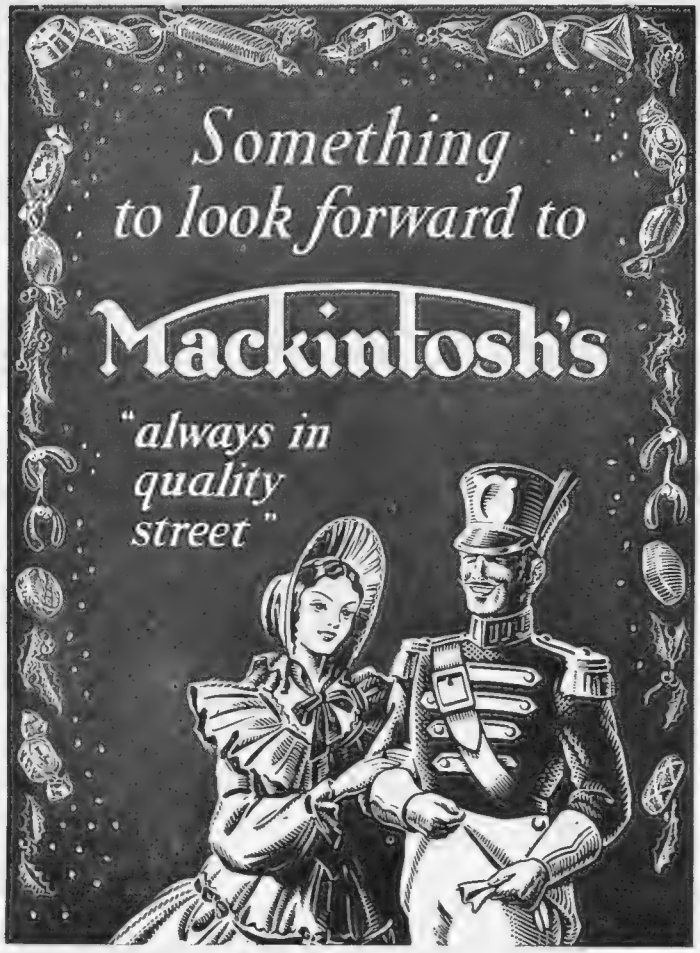
They were outside now and the cold night air hit him smartly. He blinked and saw Rudolfo. Then he had a confused recollection of running and falling. His knees were cut and his hands ached and throbbed. Someone was singing the Marseillaise, he could swear. He heard afterwards that the crowd had sung themselves hoarse before the lights went on again.

It was several days before Little Robert could piece together the story of that terrible night. The shock had nearly killed him and he had been in a coma for over a week. Rudolfo, knowing that the midget would have little chance, if caught, had managed to get him safely to the house of one of his friends.

"And where is he?" asked Little Robert when he was able to focus this strange development.

The man who was sheltering him smiled sadly.

"He has died for the cause of freedom, my little friend. He could have stayed under cover, but that would have meant sacrificing his friends in the (*Continued on page 62*)



JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD. TOFFEE TOWN, HALIFAX
Makers of "Quality Street" and other high grade Toffees and Chocolates

Yes, he'll be ready for the future when the world has turned the corner. His parents made sure when they brought him up on COW & GATE Milk Food. By maintaining supplies, COW & GATE offers the same precious hope for your baby too.

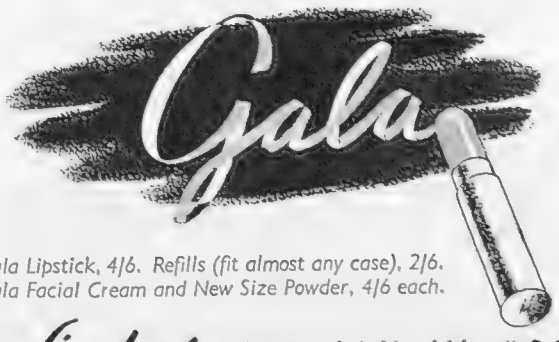
Send threepence in stamps to COW & GATE LTD. (Dept.B.E), Guildford, for pattern of this attractive cap

©3122

COW & GATE MILK FOOD
"Babies love it."

CONFIDENCE

CONFIDENCE plays an important part in our wartime lives, for it is confidence that makes good leaders and good workers. In a woman, confidence springs from both character and appearance, and it is for this reason that we recommend the use, in moderation, of Gala. For a touch of lively colour on the lips emphasises their character, and gives a feeling of self-confidence to the wearer.



Gala Lipstick, 4/6. Refills (fit almost any case), 2/6.
Gala Facial Cream and New Size Powder, 4/6 each.

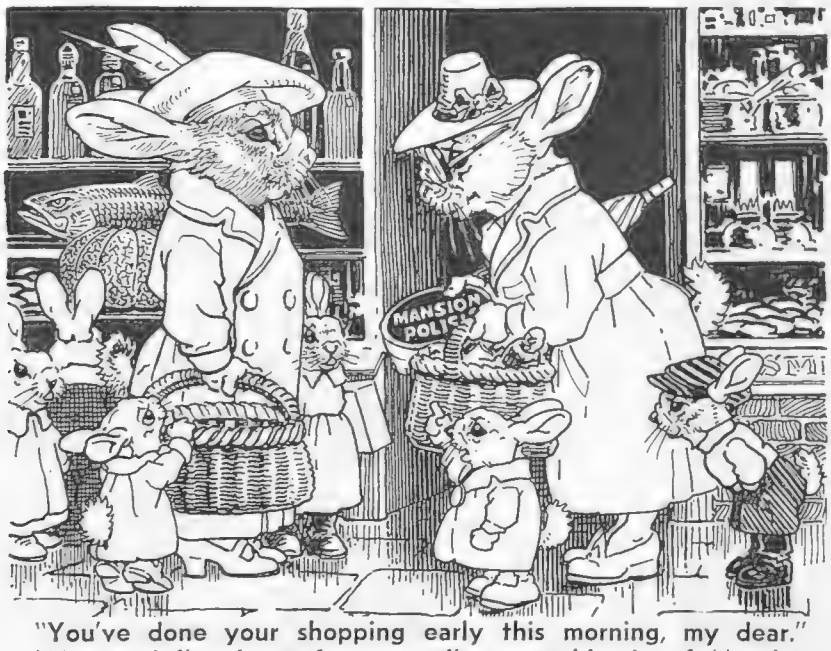
THE *Liveliest* LIPSTICK IN TOWN

Mix the invalid's Horlicks with water only — the milk is already in it

It is well known that Horlicks is exceptionally valuable for invalids and convalescents who cannot take solid food.

This is particularly true at times when milk is rationed. For the correct way to make Horlicks is, and always has been, to add *water only*. The milk is already in it.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Supplies are being distributed as evenly as possible and should be available equally for children, invalids, and those who drink Horlicks at bedtime.



"You've done your shopping early this morning, my dear." "Yes, and I've been fortunate—I've got this tin of Mansion Polish. I'm so pleased because my hubby is coming home on leave, and a rub of 'Mansion' makes the house so bright and cheery to step into."

The restricted supply of all polishes, calls for economy in the use of

MANSION

ANTISEPTIC WAX POLISH

When using, remember that a little only is needed to keep the home bright, clean and healthy.

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4. MP/PX

troupe, all innocent people. He went back and confessed."

Little Robert blinked. "But I don't understand! What had he done?"

The Frenchman smiled. "He struck some heavy blows before they took him," he said quietly. "You did not know, of course, but he kept bombs, guns and literature under that lions' cage of his. It was a perfect hiding place."

Little Robert suddenly recalled how fussy the lion tamer used to be about any one touching his things. What had seemed almost a phobia added up now.

"And now," said his host, "you will have a glass of hot milk and go to sleep. In three days you will, I hope, be on your way to Lisbon."

The sea trip to Lisbon will always remain one of Little Robert's liveliest nightmares. Of course he was grateful for the wonderful staff work that made his escape possible; the faked papers that seemed to appear from nowhere; the invalid Englishwoman who had been given permission to leave the Riviera and risked her own safety to help him. It had all been superb but for that baby trick.

In his saner moments, Little Robert will admit that it was his one chance of getting away from France and the Gestapo. An ordinary man might disguise himself and give the police a run for their money, but a midget. . . . He had cried and stormed and even threatened to take his chance rather than be dressed in baby clothes and carried aboard, but in the end he had given way.

Those two days on board ship seemed like two years to him, he says.

As soon as the boat docked and their papers were passed he insisted on being taken to a café. The Englishwoman asked for a coffee.

"And a little milk for the baby?" suggested the waiter.

There is a limit to human endurance. Little Robert slid off his "mother's" lap and squared up to the waiter with a threatening air.

"No milk," he squeaked. "I want a brandy and ginger ale. And make it a double, quick."

END

Jacket with Sequins

(*Continued from page* 47)

but put k. border at opposite edge. When 4 rows have been worked, make a buttonhole as follows: with k. side facing you, k. 4, cast off 6, work to end.

Next row.—P. up to casting-off, turn, cast on 6 sts. Turn. K. to end. Make buttonhole every 1½ ins. all up work. When yoke rib starts, work first row with k. side facing, as follows: k. 11, p. 2, * k. 8, p. 2; rep. from * to end, ending k. 3. Continue to correspond to left front.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

With No. 11 needles, cast on 72 sts. Work * p. 2, k. 8; rep. from * to end, ending p. 2. **2nd row.**—* K. 2, p. 8; rep. from * to end, ending k. 2. Continue this rib for 3 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and st.st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 5 ins. along side seam. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

THE BUTTONS

With No. 11 needles, cast on 8 sts. Work st.st. for 1 in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up shoulder seams. Pick up 98 sts. round neck with No. 11 needles. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 2 rows. Now work a buttonhole on right side, as on front. Work 6 rows. Cast off. Sew sequins on to purl part of ribs on sleeves and yoke. Sew one sequin on to each button square. Cover the moulds. Sew sequins round neck rib every in. Sew up side seams and sleeves. Sew in sleeves, easing at shoulders.

LARGER SIZES

1 oz. more wool needed.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

36-IN. BUST
THE BACK
Cast on 106 sts. instead of 98, and inc. to 138 sts. Reduce to 98 sts. for shoulders and continue as 34-in. size.
THE FRONTS
Cast on 60 sts. instead of 56. Work first 52 sts. in rib and last 8 always k. Increase to 75 instead of 71. Make 19 decreases instead of 15, and continue as 34-in. size.
THE SLEEVES
Cast on 82 sts. instead of 72. Continue as 34-in. size, having 40 sts. to cast off at end.
38-IN. BUST
Work as 36-in. size, using No. 9 needles for No. 10, and No. 10 for No. 11.

Two-Toned Jersey

(*Continued from page* 47)

sts. with No. 12 needles. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 3 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and st.st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 6th row until there are 104 sts. Work straight until side seams are 18 ins. (including rib). K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 46 sts. Cast off.
TO MAKE UP
Sew up side seams of mid blue. Run a double thread of mid blue wool down each edge of mid blue strips (4 places in all) to prevent stretching—this is most important or the gathering of light blue on to mid blue will not be possible, as mid blue must be absolutely firm at edges. Hem sloping edge of light blue neck invisibly to wrong side and also both halves of back of neck. Sew light blue shoulder seams and mid blue shoulders. Sew up sleeve seams. Sew buttons to back of neck. Gather tops of sleeves. Sew gathered panels to mid blue strips, keeping gathers below the top 4 ins. of mid blue.
LARGER SIZES
Another oz. of the rib colour is needed, making 4 oz. of each.
34-IN.
THE BACK
Cast on 106 sts. instead of 98. Work on first 14 sts. instead of first 10, and increase to 30 instead of 26. Work the rest as instructions for 34-in. size.
THE FRONT
As back 34-in. size until the outside mid blue strips are worked. Then as 32-in. size.
THE SLEEVES
As 32-in. size.
36-38-IN. SIZE
As 34-in. size, using No. 11 needles for No. 12 and No. 9 needles for No. 10.

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 33)

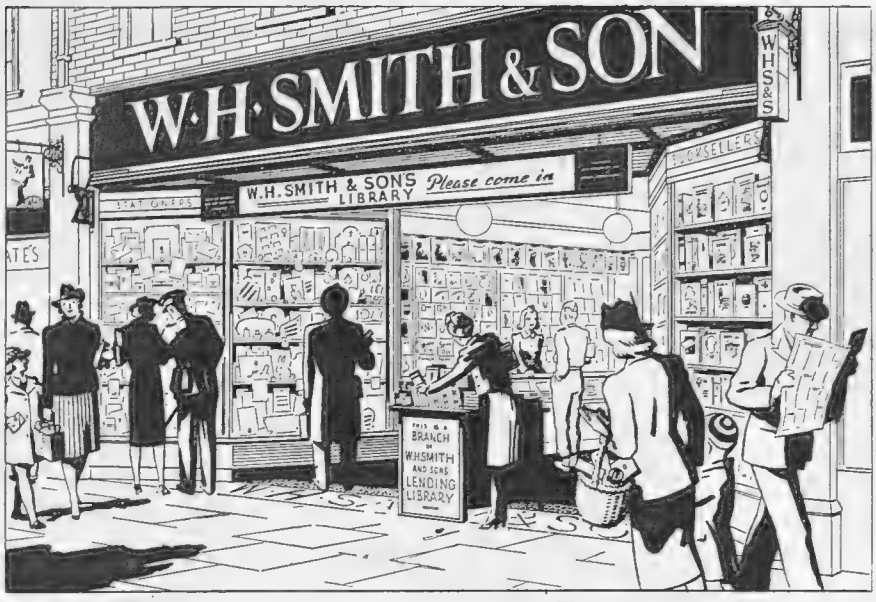
As a rule children are not greedy. They eat because they are hungry, but they are not particularly interested in the actual food, and they are very easily put off any food if they once get the idea that they must eat it because it is good for them. If a child does not eat up a meal, don't try to persuade it to finish what is on the plate; pay no attention; show no interest in the matter; try making the next meal more attractive and less bulky. If you try and force a child to eat you are merely storing up future trouble for yourself and ensuring the child's subsequent loss of appetite. The greatest mistake of all is to serve up the food left at one meal again at the next meal.

END

What Kings To-morrow?

(*Continued from page* 16)

dynasty gained in those days must have been expunged by the brave escape of the boy king, pursued by the Luftwaffe bent on shooting him down. Some kings, as we shall see, may stay on under Hitler *and* serve their peoples in so doing; but hardly a boy like Peter, who must have come immediately and finally under quisling Neditch, waiting to pounce on him. (*Continued on page* 64)



No-coupon Gifts at pre-war Prices

If you are looking for moderately-priced, coupon-free gifts, you couldn't do better than give each of your friends a subscription to a good library—W. H. Smith & Son's, for example.

A Smith's Library ticket is the pass to an inexhaustible supply of the most popular books. It provides unrationed reading—not only all the best fiction, but books of biography, travel, adventure, belles lettres, and so on.

Subscriptions are available under three different rates, each of which ensures a constant supply of good books. The difference between the three services is not at all a question of the merit or literary worth of the books available, but solely one of "newness"—the speed with which a newly-published book is available to the subscriber.

Books may be borrowed from nearly 600 of the Company's branches in England and Wales (or they can be delivered by post, direct from the Head Office, at the ordinary rates plus the cost of postage), and exchanges may be made as often as desired—every day, if needs be.

This is a gift of lasting usefulness; and also of outstanding worth, for a subscriber who reads a fresh book every day, in a year has had books to the value of more than £120. Altogether, it is perhaps not stretching the case to say that a subscription to W. H. Smith & Son's Library is one of the perfect gifts—yet it costs no more to-day than it did before the war.

"B" Service: providing a constant supply of books, but not the latest—10/- a year.

"A" Service: including all the new books on the shelves of any branch Library—£1 a year.

Preferential Service: an exceptionally fine gift for those who like to be first to read the latest books—£2 3s. 0d. a year.

Subscriptions for periods of 6 months, 3 months, or 1 month are available at slightly higher proportionate rates. Please ask for Prospectus giving complete details.

W.H.SMITH & SON'S LIBRARY
WHS
W.H.SMITH & SON, LTD. STRAND HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2
BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

W.H.SMITH & SON, LTD. Head Office: STRAND HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

THE LOGICAL TREATMENT OF RHEUMATISM

Many persons taking 'Milk of Magnesia' for acid stomach find to their joy, that the rheumatism from which they suffered has also disappeared. This is explained by the fact that most rheumatic afflictions are caused by excess uric acid, which is neutralized by the antacid action of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

If you are racked with pain and crippled by rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica or gout, it is due to excess uric acid in your system. Correct this by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' daily. It is the ideal antacid for regular use. It will alkalize and sweeten your system. It will rid you of harmful uric acid and, by thus removing the cause of the pain, will quickly relieve your aching muscles and joints.

Obtainable everywhere.
'Milk of Magnesia' 1/5 and 2/10 (*Treble Size*). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets 7d., 1/1½d., 2/3 and 3/11½d. (*Including Purchase Tax*).

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' (Regd.)

★ '*Milk of Magnesia*' *is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

FOR THOSE

WHO NEED THEM MOST

Not so many CHIVERS JELLIES are available nowadays, but if your grocer has a few let them go to the children and invalids—they need them most. When Victory is won we can look forward to plenty of CHIVERS JELLIES once again for everybody.

CHIVERS JELLIES

J.377

MAKE your blankets last longer by keeping them clean. This will save frequent washing, and help to keep you inside your weekly soap ration!

To keep them clean—don't drop blankets on the floor when you strip or make the beds. Air them well each day, and always keep them covered with a counterpane in the day-time.

Shake them well and frequently to keep them dust-free, and *hang them out-of-doors on a sunny day* to freshen and sweeten.

If you have our "MODERNA" Blankets, they'll last you through the war without shrinking or wearing thin. We are now concentrating on good standard blankets, at Government request, for the duration. After the war, "MODERNA" Blankets will be back in the shops in all their lovely shades and with our famous 3-Way Guarantee.

THOMAS RATCLIFFE & Co. LTD
Mytholmroyd · Yorks

What Kings To-morrow?

Greece's king made an even more perilous exit through the Cretan inferno when the strong family ties existing between this royal family and Germany would have prompted a less dutiful and softer king to throw in his lot with Germany's ubiquitous conqueror. And are Norwegians likely to forget the tragic odyssey of their nearly septuagenarian sovereign up almost to North Cape, away, at all costs beyond the grasp of one who offered him throne and comfort "within the structure of the New Order"? That Crown Prince Olaf stands squarely beside his father in exile removes any possibility of Hitler rigging up an alternative king in Oslo. Much the same applies in the cases of Queen Wilhelmina and Princess Juliana. Adversity has brought the former out of her shell at the age of sixty-two.

There is certainly no alternative to the House of Orange save a German puppet prince, who would be both detested and ignored.

Christian of Denmark and Leopold of Belgium are the kings who stayed at home, while rejecting Hitler, and each has won fresh esteem by doing so. Christian's curt "thank you" to Hitler's effusive birthday congratulations, joins the pages of contemporary history. I shall not seek to gild this close-up of the Danish King in his ever delightful capital: "For the people the King permanently represents Denmark's firm decision not to collaborate with the invader. Christian X is the living symbol of their hope, as expressed in his last New Year's message, when he said: 'We think only of our independent future.'" He maintains close and cordial contact with the population, riding every day through the streets of Copenhagen—even on the day of occupation he did not shirk this duty.

In victory Hitler would produce a pocketful of puppet royalties for various thrones. In stalemate, necessitating his withdrawal from various countries, several of the exiled crowned heads might remount their thrones, though far less securely than under the impulse of an Allied victory.

King Leopold stands in a special category. I can testify to his high popularity before the war. In August, 1938, at Spa, I watched him review his army for three hours without dismounting, though his staff had to relax. Afterwards, what cheers there were, and the important point is that this cheering went to a man who had laid down a policy of absolute neutrality for his country. As things turned out that policy was disastrous for Belgium. But to the Belgians' credit they did not round on their King: they knew they had acquiesced in what he had done. Then the bitter and unjust foreign attacks on King Leopold formed a phalanx behind him, which gradually swelled into universal national approval, save for the traitor Rexists, when Belgians understood the line the King had traced for himself under the German occupation. Considering himself first as the head of the army, he is a prisoner of war. He will not have any truck with the conquerors as long as they remain on Belgian soil.

It can be assumed that the Swedish royal dynasty will endure which ever side wins, and as an instrument for aiding a country unscathed through successive world wars, it has high merit.

Any chance Carol may have of resuming his crown for the second time will be strongly conditioned by the strength with which Russia terminates the war. My own view is that the present puppetry may well be the prelude to the end of kingship in Rumania, where it has not succeeded in preventing that country being a cross to itself and a danger to others. It may be time to let a Rumanian republic have a shot.

For much the same reason, people envisage a republic in Bulgaria at the end of the war.

Something of a question-mark is suspended above the minor Balkan Zog of Albania. This self-reared local chieftain wasn't having any kowtowing to Mussolini, and he is now in Buckinghamshire. Should Europe escape the New Order, doubtless the Albanians will be given an opportunity to review their whole position *vis-à-vis* their

The finest Soap for a lovely baby

Always use Cuticura Soap for baby's bath. See how it comforts and refreshes, leaves his skin glowing with health, soft and velvety. Cuticura Soap is the surest way of purifying and cleansing the skin.

204 *Of all Chemists and Stores.*

Cuticura SOAP *FOR BABY*

GIBBS NOW IN BATTLEDRESS REFILLS

Prices U.K. only **7D**

TO SAVE VALUABLE METAL

The patriotic way to buy your Gibbs Dentifrice is in its new battledress refill. This saves the country's metal. Give your teeth a shine with Gibbs in refill form. Popular Size 7d, including tax.

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, W.1

GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

GD233C

neighbours in a region of the continent headed by nature for some form of federalism.

Humour flickers o'er a sombre scene with the Duke of Spoleto, otherwise the King of the Croats. This "king" refuses to join his "subjects" under Hitler's dispensation, and he assuredly wouldn't be allowed to do so under the Allies. So I think we can mark Spoleto off and leave him where he wants to be, in his own Italy. Will the House of Savoy endure in Italy? Hitler would perpetuate Victor Emmanuel as useful puppet. I venture the opinion that if we carry the day the Italians will prefer to try a new régime, a republic.

And what of old man Horthy, who has blazed a trail of nearly twenty-three years of Regency without a king in sight? If Horthy favoured his eldest son, or his son-in-law, for the job, each has died "accidentally." A younger son has returned from South America, but Hitler knows that the Admiral-Regent is no friend of his, so one of the Esterhazy family is advanced as the Nazi candidate.

But all this leaves the Allies out of account, not to mention Russia, and it is a fair assumption that no dynasty which willingly fought us will be tolerated if we have the peace-making. The question: "What Kings to-morrow?" raises maximum complications in Central Europe, where it is hard, as yet, to see daylight one way or the other.

Then there is Austria. Otto, now nearing thirty, is in the United States, where he has shown himself a young man of progressive ideas—not a bit of a Bourbon. His foreign upbringing, set in hard and instructive times, would send him back to Austria a very different proposition from any former Hapsburg.

Franco has re-introduced the "Marcha Grandera," the National Anthem during the monarchy, but Don Juan, even if he has been invited back, yet tarries in neutral Lausanne, counselled by the old ambassador one knew so well at Geneva and in Paris, Quinones de Leon. The Vatican heavily backs Juan, and without a doubt a very large number of Spaniards who once were political enemies think Juan would be the most healing solution to a situation that fills them with apprehension.

Further talk of a prospective king for Portugal apropos the marriage of Pretender Duarte of Braganza to the Brazilian heiress of that family. Portugal is doing nicely under President Carmona, but he is growing old, and the constructive Salazar may well be reckoning that, with Brazil the evident coming nation of South America, it would be a good stroke of business to have a Brazilian lady reigning by the Tagus.

The Comte de Paris, otherwise Henri V of France, has no chance.

Poland and Czechoslovakia are both heading for presidents if they manage to get free of the Nazis, and two possible candidates are in London: General Sikorski and M. Benes.

And so ends my scanning. Reading it through, I can't see that monarchy has lost through this war. It seems rather to have gained ground.

END

... So To Bed

(*Continued from page 29*)

an architectural feature, and though nowadays small houses allow less scope for elaborate staircases, we have moved back again to the older idea that the staircase should be beautiful, as well as useful.

In adapted farmhouses or cottages one finds sometimes a short flight leading from one room to another on a slightly lower level. These little flights are often charming, and undoubtedly add character to a house, but as an old friend, whose study was three stairs above the dining-room, remarked to me: "They are the devil for rheumaticky legs!"

But the question regarding a staircase which chiefly exercises the mind of the practical housewife of to-day is: "Is it straight, or has it winders?" Give her straight flights and she can lay her carpets herself, moving them frequently, so as to save wearing the same place. Winders mean a "man" to do the job.

GWYNETH PENNETHORNE.

We are steelmakers and produce the steels from which these and other goods are fabricated. We ourselves do not manufacture the finished articles. Owing to the large demand, we are at present greatly restricted as regards the purposes for which this steel can be supplied.

Health-Hints — by 'Sanitas'

DON'T CATCH OTHER PEOPLE'S COLDS

NOWADAYS, nobody can remain sealed up in their own homes. Old and young alike, *we have to mix with crowds*—in 'buses and trams and trains; in factories and offices; in crowded restaurants and canteens.

Most germs enter through the nose and mouth. The throat is often their breeding-ground. So, keep the nostrils clear and clean; and rinse the mouth and throat regularly with a little SANITAS and warm water.

Make it a family habit, morning and night. If you KEEP WELL, you don't need to get well!

A bottle of SANITAS lasts a long time. It destroys untold millions of germs. You feel fresh and clean and healthy after a SANITAS mouth-wash!

Your Chemist has it, **1/1½d., 1/8½d.,** per bottle *(incl. Pur. Tax).*

SANITAS

SAFEGUARDS THE WHOLE FAMILY

ON REQUEST—Valuable War Memorandum on prevention and treatment of infectious diseases. Write (enclosing 1d. stamp) to SANITAS CO. LTD., Dept. BE/11, 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9.

Adrift in the Mediterranean

(*Continued from page 20*)

leave our emergency water tins behind in the plane. We were so sure of being picked up immediately, and we didn't want to load the dinghy too heavily for fear that it would spring a leak, or capsize. We checked our supplies and found that we had only a pint and a half of water on board, but we had six emergency ration tins which contained a dozen malted milk tablets, nine biscuits, fifteen bars of chewing gun, and a few large bars of chocolate in each.

We drifted very slowly, and at the end of an hour we were surprised to find the aircraft still afloat and not very far off. We tried to paddle back to it for our water cans, but it is impossible to steer a dinghy. We just kept going round and round in circles without getting any closer to the kite. The fellows were pretty cheerful that first day.

THE first night we started to feel miserable. The sea began to get choppy and some of the boys were seasick. It got bitterly cold as soon as the sun went down, and we began to regret throwing away our clothes. It was impossible to sleep except in half-hour snatches, and then only through sheer exhaustion. Whenever one of us moved suddenly, the whole dinghy rocked.

That night we decided to organise the crew into watches. Two men at a time kept two-hour watches for approaching aeroplanes and ships. Throughout the second day we were still confident that at any moment we would see the smoke of a British destroyer on the horizon or hear the approaching beat of a Sunderland flying-boat sent out to rescue us. By noon of the second day our untanned skins were beet-red and beginning to blister.

We didn't eat anything the first day, or the second, but on the morning of the third we were all so hungry that we broke open one emergency tin and divided it. After that we used one tin a day for the six of us until the six tins were gone. We were more worried about our water shortage, so for the first six days we drank nothing; after that we doled out two teaspoonfuls twice a day for each man.

We did try to figure out why we weren't rescued right away. Actually, we learned later, our forced landing was reported right away, but during the first night the current carried us miles from our original position, and the destroyer sent to find us had no luck.

Day after day we kept drifting along under the sun which blazed down on us with a fierceness which none of us had imagined possible. Our only relief was to slide over the side and dangle our bodies in the water. At nights it often got quite rough, and we lived in fear that the dinghy would tip over, or split its seams, as it tossed about. We had a Véry pistol and a few cartridges along to signal with, but although we kept our eyes peeled constantly, we saw nothing to signal to.

On the sixth night four of us were lying flat in the bottom while two sat upright and stared into the blackness. Faintly they heard the motors of approaching planes. They wakened the rest of us, and we listened as they got louder and then passed on in the distance. They must have been Jerries or Italians on their way for a raid. An hour later we heard another plane. This time the motors had a beat which sounded familiar, so we fired a Véry light into the sky. We could hear the plane circling and dropping to have a look. When it was almost on top of us we realised that it wasn't a British plane as we'd imagined. Fortunately, he didn't open fire, and in a few minutes shoved off.

By the eighth day we pretty well gave up hope of rescue. If it hadn't been for the navigator I think we'd have given up long before that. He was a Canadian, an older fellow than the rest of us, and he'd been in many tight jams before.

About noon on the eighth day we were all lying on the bottom when we heard a distinct drone of aeroplane engines. We'd been dreaming of Sunderlands and British destroyers for so long that we couldn't believe our ears, but in a minute we were sure that there was a plane about. Then we could pick it out; a black speck growing larger every second. I grabbed the Véry pistol and sent up one signal, then another. Before we knew it, the plane was on top of us. It was a Sunderland.

It circled around and plunked two smoke floats on the water to mark our position. Then a package dropped down, tied to a Mae West to keep it afloat. The Canadian slid over the side and swam for it. The Sunderland cruised around until he climbed back into the dinghy. The package contained two tins of bully beef, bananas, oranges, and a flask of water. Then the Aldis lamp flashed from the plane, and my wireless operator read the message in Morse. It said: "Too rough to land. Sending for help. Cheerio chaps."

Nothing happened all that day, but on the following day we saw the smoke of several vessels and then were able to make out the lines of half a dozen destroyers on the horizon. We fired another precious Véry light, but they didn't see us. On the tenth day our hopes were dashed again. The destroyers were still on the horizon, but they never seemed to come any closer to us.

About mid-morning we all sat up abruptly. Another aircraft was bearing down on us. We could see that it was a British plane, a Blenheim, but it passed slap bang over our heads at about 1,500 feet and didn't even notice us.

That day was full of excitement—and disappointment. Around noon we saw a black object moving low in the water. As it came closer we could make it out as the conning-tower of a submarine. We thought it looked British, so we took a chance and fired one of our remaining two Very lights. The sub. submerged so fast that we thought for a minute that it had never been there at all.

An hour later we saw another plane approaching. None of us could quite make out what it was, but as it came on we could see that it was a seaplane. We learned later that it was a Dornier seaplane which had been part of the Yugoslav air force and is now with the R.A.F. in the Middle East. We thought it might be German, or even Vichy French, but by this time we were desperate and didn't care who rescued us. We decided to fire our last Véry light. The plane came down and circled around. There was a lot of hand waving, and after a few minutes it flew off.

We kept drifting due east all that evening and night. Early on the eleventh day we saw a destroyer on the horizon. It was towing a target and coming towards us fast, and behind it we could make out the specks of other destroyers which were getting ready for target practice. The destroyer with the target hove to quite close to us, and we thought that this time rescue was certain. We had no more Véry lights, but we tied our white undershirts together and waved them around and around over our heads. Then we waited.

The destroyer didn't move, so we waved again, and again. It was agonising to see help so near and yet so far.

"It's no use waving for help any more," the Canadian navigator said. "The only thing to do is to go and bring it to us. I've done a lot of long-distance swimming and I think I can reach her. Anyway, the current's in my favour." Before we could grab him he slid over the side and struck out. We called to him to come back, but he didn't even turn his head. The second pilot shook his head.

"I won't let him go alone," he said. Two of us got hold of his arms, but we were too weak to hold on, and he dropped beneath the surface and bobbed up a few yards away, and then slowly swam after the navigator. The destroyer was a good four miles away, and they had held on for eleven days with only a few mouthfuls of biscuits and fruit, and practically no water, so there didn't seem the slightest hope that they could make that distance.

THE sun glistened on the water and made it hard to look along the surface, but every now and then we could see their two heads bobbing up and down. Then they went out of sight completely. We lay in the bottom and waited. One hour ticked away, then a second hour, then a third. We knew that if they'd made it the destroyer would be on the move by then, but she still sat, rocking easily in the water, just out of our reach. I don't think we would have been able to go on for much longer.

It was then that we heard them: aeroplane motors buzzed in and out of our sleep snatches all the time, but there was no doubt that these were real. There were two seaplanes, the same kind as the day before. They came down to a few feet over our heads and dropped a package attached to a Mae West, but we couldn't reach it, and we didn't dare go over the side for fear we would collapse in the water.

One of the seaplanes veered off towards land while the other continued to circle around overhead in wide sweeps. In less than an hour we saw three destroyers bearing down on us, and in an incredibly short time one was alongside. A naval rating came down a rope ladder into the dinghy, fastened a rope under our arms, and one at a time we were hoisted on deck. The navy boys poured hot tea and brandy into us and then tucked us into bunks. The destroyer cruised up and down over the spot where we last saw the navigator and the second pilot, but after two hours we had to give up.

END

Trademarking the Stars

(*Continued from page 42*)

not even Harold Lloyd's best friend would have recognised him as the comedian who was making the world rock, in a string of brilliant films.

Claudette Colbert started a national hair-style when she wore what America calls "Bangs" and we call "A Fringe," during her film appearance as "Cleopatra." She was so pleased with the way her straight Cleopatra Bangs covered up a forehead she has always thought was too high—though she thinks alone, in that respect—that in subsequent films she persuaded her hairdresser to give her a new, somewhat fluffier version of the same Cleopatra style of coiffure.

Like Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr has a trademark that is part of her coiffure. When the exotic Miss Lamarr first dazzled Hollywood, on her arrival from Europe, she wore her thick dark hair simply parted in the centre, softly waved, and hanging loosely as a frame to her lovely face. This was something new in hairdressing, so far as the studios were concerned; far more elaborate styles were being dreamed up by hairdressers, in order to make the stars appear as glamorous as possible.

WITH her simple centre parting, Hedy Lamarr proved more glamorous than a dozen other stars bunched together. She has stuck to that highly individual style for her hair through almost every camera shot.

Marlene Dietrich climbed up the screen ladder on a pair of the loveliest legs in the world. "Legs" Dietrich was the name by which she was known, after we had gaped at her in *The Blue Angel*, heard her throaty, fascinating singing voice, and watched her exquisite figure—assisted by those same legs—wandering through the smoky haze of a café.

The Sweater Girl has burst upon Hollywood of recent years. To Lana Turner, that lovely girl who was unknown two years ago and who is now an international celebrity, belongs the honour of annexing the "Sweater Girl" trademark.

Can you imagine Conrad Veidt without that menacing monocle, which gives his normally gentle face such an alarming, villainous glitter?

Within the past few months Hollywood has stretched out welcoming hands to yet another trademark. (*Continued on page 68*)

HOUSEWIVES ARE IN THE FRONT LINE OF THE WAR EFFORT

Economy in Fuel is their National Duty!

To conserve your domestic fuel units and save fuel for the work the nation needs

USE PAROZONE TO WHITEN YOUR LINENS & COTTONS

Simply wash your white things in the usual way, then soak them overnight in a solution of a teacupful of Parozone to eight gallons of COLD water. Rinse out in the morning. That's all—but your wash will come out a dazzling white that will please the most house-proud housewife . : . and this without the use of fuel of any kind.

PAROZONE for MUSTARD GAS.

It should be applied full strength, to affected parts, left on for two minutes, and then washed off. It must be applied immediately or within five minutes.

NOTE.—Parozone MUST NOT be applied near the eyes.

PAROZONE REG.

FROM YOUR GROCER OR STORE

Head Office: Glasgow; and at London and Nottingham

Reasons Why

gas is most widely used for domestic purposes: speed, cleanliness, economy

REGULO

NEW WORLD

Gas Cookers

OVER 2 MILLION IN DAILY USE

Product of Radiation Ltd.

Traditional quality

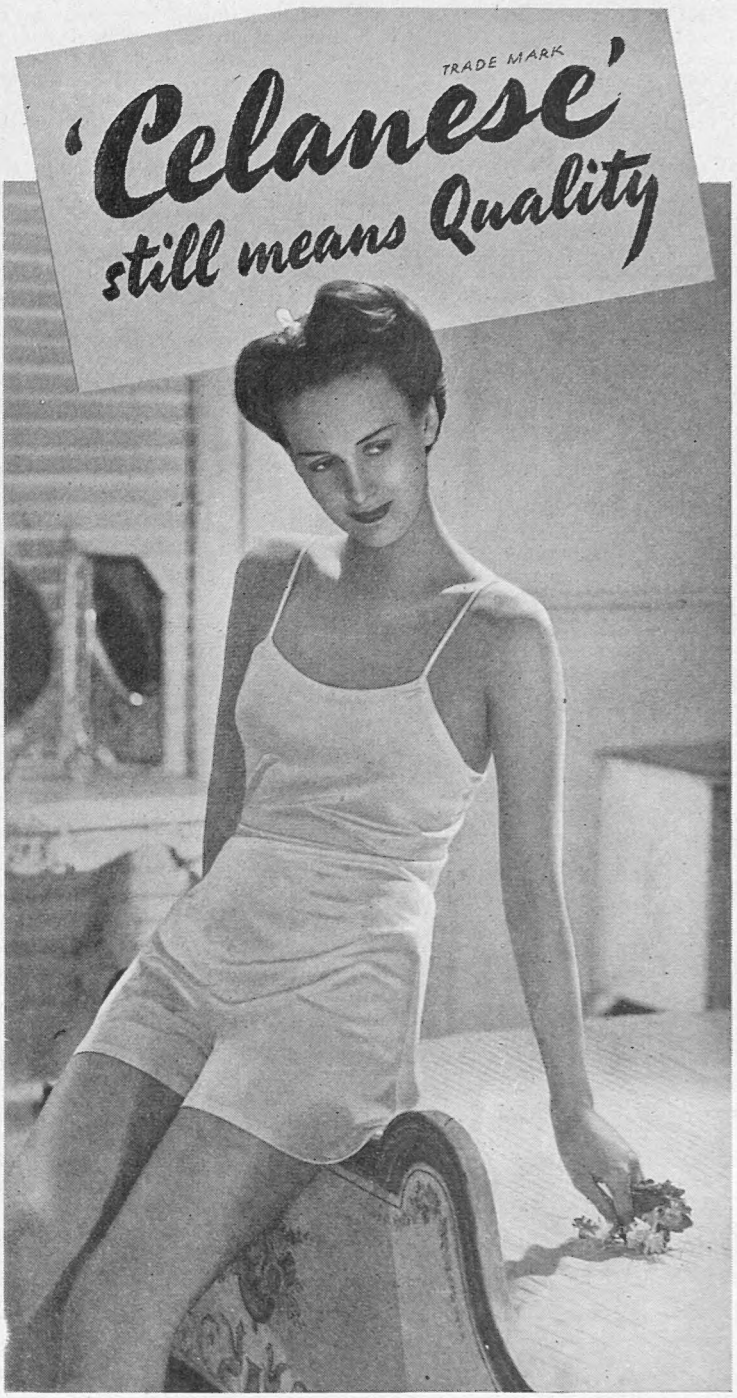
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

in original OLD FASHIONED FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although restricted in distribution by scarcity of old stocks.

WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON INVERNESS

GRIGOR for VIGOR



The trade mark 'Celanese' still represents a sound standard of quality. In these days of limited supplies it may not be easy to find, but where you can buy 'Celanese' it is excellent Coupon Value.

LF.138

Nowadays we frequently have to use materials which are not of pre-war quality. Even so our skill and experience ensure that everything we produce is just as good as it can be in wartime. Our production of Utility Stockings (and of stockings not within the Utility specification) is limited, but supplies are distributed fairly among Aristoc dealers.

RAYSTOC' (Rayon) **'ARISTILE'** (Lisle) ★ **UTILITY** (Rayon & Lisle)

Aristoc

THE ARISTOCRATS OF WARTIME STOCKINGS

I refer to the actor known as "The Beard!" His billing reads "Mr. Monty Woolley" (full name, Edgar Montillion Woolley), and it was on the stage in the title role in *The Man Who Came to Dinner* that "The Beard" found itself in electric lights. When that play was turned into a film Monty Woolley went back to Hollywood—where nobody had bothered very much about him in previous years, unless a studio needed a bearded ambassador with an English accent. And the film version of *The Man Who Came To Dinner* made Mr. Woolley so popular with fans everywhere that he was handed the ace role of the year, in *The Pied Piper*.

Ever since Edward G. Robinson appeared as "Little Cæsar" he has cashed in on his somewhat large mouth and protruding lips, which had previously proved a handicap in film work. "Little Cæsar" had to look exactly as Eddie Robinson looks; and he has stayed that way through one of Hollywood's most successful careers.

James Cagney, most kindly, gentle, thoughtful of men, might be labelled Fighting Jim without any hint of exaggeration. In film after film there he is, fists up, fighting something or somebody for all he is worth. From the memorable day on which he socked poor Mae Clarke in the face with half a grapefruit, in one of his earlier hits, the soft-hearted Mr. Cagney has been typed as a toughie, a man who goes about banging people on the chin at the slightest provocation. His admirers may get quite a shock when they see his delightful performance in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, in which, as George M. Cohan, he dances, sings, makes love, becomes a world-famous star—and never socks a soul either on the chin or elsewhere.

From Broadway a comedian marched to Hollywood's studios with a trademark all ready made; nobody had to do any thinking or planning to put him across in such a way that Mr. and Mrs. Public would never forget him. Jimmy Durante, of Broadway's Great White Way and Night Club piano-playing, was born with a very, very large nose. In fact Jimmy himself would tell you, proudly, that his schnozzle has been his fortune. More than that, it has been his trademark, and still is.

Ann Sheridan burst on the public, through a press campaign, as "The Oomph Girl."

Trademarking the Stars

In Ann's case the Oomph Girl business was a little over-played; it began to do her more harm than good, although at the beginning it caused her to hit the illustrated pages of every magazine and newspaper in the world. But Ann happened to be a serious and sincere young actress. She did not want to get to the top of the heap as a mere "oomph" girl; she wanted to prove she could act. Her most recent films have given her a chance to drop most of the "oomph" and reveal herself as the clever actress she really is.

When Clark Gable first started playing nasty villains, and caused thousands of people to say they wanted to see a lot more of him, the thing that intrigued them most was—a pair of deep dimples! Two dimples have become the Gable trademark, and will remain so for the rest of his acting career. For a man who was such a villain—in pictures—to be capable of smiling and showing those two dimples, was something that just knocked the customers for that famous loop.

END

Yuletides of the Allies (*Continued from page* 13)

They did not feel like raising their voices in glad harmonies to celebrate the birth of the Saviour. The line was leaking. The steel-and-concrete fortress, the tomb of France, was cold and miserable. The very tall officer, whose name was Charles de Gaulle, could offer his men only one Christmas present. A generous commissariat had served out an extra ration of bully beef for Christmas in the Maginot Line.

The wartime Christmas hits the Belgians hard, for normally the Belgian is Europe's best-fed man, and the peasant feeds better than the middle classes of other countries. When the Belgian soldiers first arrived in Britain they almost starved on the British soldier's ration (a total 3½ lb. against the American soldier's 5 lb.), they were used to so much more meat, fats, and so on.

THE upper classes have adopted an English-type Christmas, with presents, and late dinner, a dry vintage champagne, a bottle or two of the best burgundy that grandfather laid down. The peasant—Europe's most prosperous peasant—will get down to a Christmas feast whose main dishes are hare, goose and baby veal, with a dozen side dishes, all washed down with strong beer, Luxemburg wine, and snick, a kind of gin. The party starts at noon and goes on until five or six, when some rise and the rest are pulled from under the table. And now? A Belgian who escaped from a German military hospital and got over here late this year told me that his last Christmas was bad enough, and this time the Belgian Christmas will be terrible. No presents, little food. No wine. Beer down from twelve–fifteen degrees to one degree of alcoholic content. "Filthy stuff." The chateaux and mansion classes had some of the finest cellars of French burgundies, clarets and brandies in Europe. But the first thing the Germans did when they marched in was to rush down to the cellar and get drunk.

The Dutchman in England starts thinking about Christmas on December 5. It's on that day, the start of the festive season which runs on into the New Year in Holland, that Sint Niklaas, scarlet-robed, crowned with his bishop's mitre, arrives from overseas on his white horse, and the mayors of towns and villages turn out officially to welcome him. That evening the kids stuff their little boots and shoes with hay, and lay a carrot on top, for the white horse gets hungry on his tour of the roofs of the world. Then they lie awake, listening for the patter of hoofs on the snowy roof-top, and the soft scuffle of Saint Nicky's horse scrambling down the chimney, where the welcoming carrots await him on the hearth. "Put something in my shoes," they murmur, falling asleep. "Thank you, Sint Niklaas!"

St. Nicholas, Bishop of Lycia, was chosen patron saint of Dutch towns and Dutch lovers in the Middle Ages. He did his good deeds under cover of darkness, not letting those who benefited know whence they came. The Germans don't like him. They double guards, and walk in couples, on the night of December 5. For last Saint Nicholas's night a number of German soldiers found their way into the canals. At least, that's where they were found next morning, and the Germans may have recalled that on his ride under cover of his magic tabard round the roofs of the Low Countries, Saint Nicholas is accompanied by his black servant, the Knecht Rupert, who carries the sack of gifts, and a rod besides, indicating that the saint, in addition to rewarding the good, also chastises the wicked.

Roast goose, stuffed and spiced, is the favourite dish for the Netherlands Christmas banquet. Braised veal with mushrooms prepares the palate for the spiced goose, and smoked cod and other dried fish serve as an appetiser for the veal.

The Norwegian cooks in England can do more than most with the limited variety of foodstuffs at their disposal to simulate their national Christmas feast. A Norseman who described for me his last normal Christmas dinner—a big family affair, attended by a brother and an uncle who specially crossed from Britain: not an uncommon thing—began with a porridge made of sour cream concealing one almond (the Norwegian equivalent of the sixpence in the Christmas pudding) entitling the lucky finder to a special gift. Then came a huge smoke-cured ham and stacks of pickled hog's-feet, cold mackerel, eel, and smoked cod, and then the main dishes, roast ribs of pork, leg of mutton, collar of beef. Anchovies, goat's milk cheese, and *gamelost* ("old cheese," the Norwegian Stilton) wound up the feast. The family had got up its appetite singing and dancing round the Christmas tree. The Norsemen don't trust themselves to do much moving after Christmas dinner.

The Czechs—who, with the Poles, have provided Britain with some of their best fighter pilots—talked to me about Christmas with the zest of men describing a lost love. Half a dozen airmen and soldiers painted word-pictures for me of fir-trees set out on stands at the street corners, and tall dark-green trees bathed in a glow of fairy lights in the main squares of town and village. They talked to me of the Christmas Eve carp until my mouth watered as I smelt it roasting in its fat, and of their famous boar's-head, festooned with strings of fresh pork sausages, until I grew hungry for that pungent meat. They crackled in imagination the ginger-bread of their Christmas season fairs, and drooled again over their Christmas pastries filled with poppy-seed and nuts. I could hear the laughter of the Czech girls at their Christmas parties as they tossed the apple peel over slim shoulders to see if it fell in the shape of a letter, the initial of the husband-to-come.

YET these were long memories. Many of the Czech professional soldiers and patriotic volunteers saw the wall-writing at Munich-time, and trekked over into Poland. The Polish tree, drinks, dishes and popular traditions are much the same as those of the Czech Bohemian homeland. Christmas of 1940 found the Czech fighters on the French battlefront, on the shores of the Mediterranean, where the customs and idea of Christmas are very different. And Christmas of 1941 found them in Britain, eating beef instead of boar's-head, and a wartime plum pudding with a minimum of fat and a sparse sprinkle of raisins and currants, instead of their own poppy-seed *buchty*, and raisin-filled *vanocka*. For most of the Czech fighting-men this is the fourth Christmas they have spent as exiles.

Under the blue skies of Greece, the people starve. The food situation there is the worst in Europe. "We orthodox Greek Christians used to fast for forty days before Christmas," one told me. "It seemed hard. But the pre-war Christmas fast was full feeding compared to present eating in Greece.

In his dream Christmas, the Greek sees things as they used to be: a week of working-up for the great Day, new clothes and shoes for the children, carol singing in the streets to the music of ringing triangle and bells, cakes for carol singers, and the dawn mass, peasant families trudging long distances under the glittering sky, often in deep snow, while the bells chime, and the hills resound with distant calls of friends on opposite sides of the dell.

Then the fast-breaking. Milk, white bread, cheese, honey for breakfast. At noon, a rich rice broth with beaten eggs and lemon, followed by lamb, pork, chicken. Well-to-do Greeks might have trees. But the tree is not a Greek Christmas tradition.

Six days after, on New Year's Eve, came St. Basil, the Greek Santa Claus, from Cæsarea, on the southern shores of the Black Sea, bringing presents. The good saint won't be visiting Greeks in their little maritime kingdom this time. The Four Horsemen, grim, gristly, unleashed by swastika ghouls, have chased him away, along with all the other good men and good things which go to make a merry Christmas in old Europe.

1.12.42

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by ODHAMS (WATFORD) LTD., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Advertisement Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879, Sec. 397 P.L.& R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 18s. 6d. per annum, 9s. 3d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d., and for Canada 16s. 6d. per annum, 8s. 3d. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

Balanced walking
Comfort in walking depends on balance. Vani-Tred guarantee a balanced tread. This exclusive in-built feature distributes body-weight evenly and cushions the foot against hard pavements and rough going. How light and buoyant your step becomes—and how beguiling you will find Vani-Tred's latest styles. Get to know the joy of balanced walking now; leading stores and shoe shops will show you the range.
Barkley
VANI-TRED
SHOES

VANI-TRED SHOES LTD. (DEPT. HV3), 17/18 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

. . for Christmas
BIRD'S
CUSTARD